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The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP FILMS

What's Ado About Town : Personalities of the Week : Sport with the Lid Off : Golf Caricatures

1/

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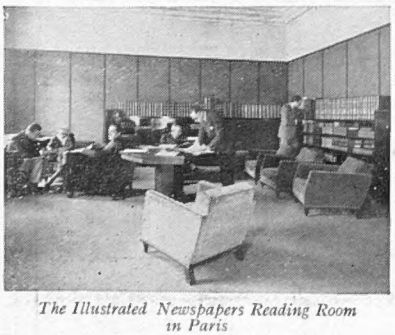
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Rouen (S.I.)—Hotel de la Poste.—The best hotel for tourists with restaurant "Le Relais Fleuri." Same mngmnt.: Hotel Royal, Paris.

FRANCE—(*continued*).

St. Cast (Nr. Dinard).—Celtic Hotel.—200 rms., 100 baths. On golf links, spec. rates for golfers. Facing sea. Tennis. Terms from 13s.

Versailles.—Le Home Versaillais, 38, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furnished flats. 1st class appointmt. Very mod. rates.

Wiesbaden.—GERMANY

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Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath house, Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Pension Mk.9.—up.

GERMANY—(*continued*).

Baden-Baden.—Bad-Hotel "Zum Hirsch."—150 beds. All comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension Mk.: 9—up.

Bad Homburg.—Ritter's Park Hotel.—Mineral baths, sunbaths in the hotel. Patronised by H.M. King Edward VII. Pension from 9 Marks.

Bad-Nauheim, Carlton-Palast-Hotel.—First-class family house, latest comforts. Opposite baths and Kurpark. Mod. terms.

Bad Schwalbach/Taunus.—Staatliches Kurhotel.—Every rm. with priv. toilette & balcony. Erected 1931. Terms from RM. 11.

Freiburg.—Hotel Freiburger Hof.—Modern House. 130 beds., 25 bathrooms. 5 o'clock tea. Trout fishing. Moderate rates.

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The Bystander, July 19, 1933

No. 1544. Vol. CXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Photographs Elwin Neame

Lady Stavordale and her Daughter, Tessa

Lady Stavordale is the wife of the Earl of Ilchester's eldest son, and was married two years ago. She is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward, and a sister of Countess Paul Munster and Mrs. Michael Hornby. The Hon. Teresa Jane Fox-Strangways, to give her daughter her full names, was born last year; she is full of charm, and looks amazingly like her mother in the photograph where they were taken together. The Stavordales live down in Dorset

Doing their Tyrolean Best at—

Everyone has told everyone about Mrs. Woolley Hart's party in her Tyrolean (or—ese) hut at her house outside Paris ; here are the hostess (plus feather) and Mrs. Stileman, with Mr. Murray Britten, Mr. Eddie Lawson-Johnston and Mr. Frank Horne

—Mrs. Woolley Hart's Tyrolese Party

Mme. Provotoroff, Mr. Kenneth Carten, her brother, and Miss Sonia Converse went over from London for the party, and as it went on till breakfast-time, it was well worth the trip over the Channel

Left:—Boatin' at Aix

Princess Achille Murat (left) and two friends on Captain D'Arcy Rutherford's boat before an aquaplaning lesson on the Lac du Bourget, at Aix-les-Bains. The boat is the one Captain Rutherford used to cross the Channel

Prelude

What a week of parties ! Or, as Lady " Lollie " (to her friends) would write for her foreign mail : " *My dear*, what a week ! "—or, in French, " Quelle semaine ! "

Weddings

Miss Rose Bingham must no longer swing into the Ritz for the pre-lunch cocktail, hatless and rather defiant. Was installed Countess of Warwick at Glynde Parish Church last Wednesday ; farmer Giles and young Mayfair went hand-in-hand, and drank glass-for-glass at the reception.

On the same day the **Hon. Eileen Hood** promised Mr. David Baker, at St. George's, Hanover Square, never to try to walk on the high wire at the Olympia Circus again—a year ago volunteered to be carried on the back of a Wallenda. Plucky girl—and probably an equally plucky Wallenda.

Lord Claud Hamilton and Mrs. Vi Newall on the same day assembled representatives of Royalty round their wedding reception. He is an Equerry to the King.

The following day, Mr. Leander McCormick whisked off the **Comtesse René de Fleurieu** for their honeymoon—admiring crowd of small boys watched departure from register office in super-sports Mercédès.

On Friday was the great **Guinness-Channon** wedding. Bridegroom-author received nice highbrow presents—works of Keats from Lord Moore, *Morte d'Arthur* from Baroness de Forest, Molière's works from Lady Veronica Hornby. List of wedding presents and guests was unending—always the case when a Guinness gets married.

Sport, Sport, Sport

Children's Day at Ranelagh very good—especially for the young mothers who got introduced to some of the other young fathers. Dancing on the lawn a huge success—Baby Joy danced a Valse Chopin, Isobel Worboys a Valse Triste, Doreen Dressel an Irish jig.

The 'Varsity Match—Oxford's star was a bit dim, though Freddie Chalk brought tears of joy to old Oxonians' eyes. " Plucky lad " they exclaimed, as he saved their University. Pavilion full of famous nick-named cricketers : " Balmy " Gilbert, " Gerry " Weigall, " Buns " Cartwright, " Tuffie " (N. C. Tufnell), " Frankie " Sitwell, " Plum " Warner, A. N. D. Others.

This match was followed by **Eton v. Harrow,** on the field and off, night and day. M.C.C. members assume great importance, for Rover tickets are at a huge premium. Regret sold those given to me, so did not see the match.

• WHAT'S •

"The Bystander's"

Newmarket Second July (behind the Ditch) spoilt by the weather. Flimsy frocks, Lord Rosebery's white duck suiting and straw hat with I.Z. ribbon had to stay in the drawer.

Petersen-Doyle Fight at the White City. Recommend loser to hear the Western Brothers in their famous ditty, " Play the Game . . ."

A more sporting event was probably **Bisley.** Annual meeting-place for tanned, rugged men from outposts of Empire—excellent camp provided.

Parties

Lord Beaverbrook's " rout " at Stornoway House. Fine " free gift " of supper ; lured Lord and Lady Warwick from their honeymoon—they attended on their wedding night ! Lady Diana Cooper in out-size in tiaras ; Winston Churchill loomed largely important. Duke Ellington played a piano-solo—guests almost wept, it was so touching. [Was that from the champagne or the playing?—EDITOR.] Lady Bridget Poulett looked pretty but bored—same remark applicable to diamond-bandeaued Miss Kate Horlick, also to Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell. Is nothing in life good enough for them ? Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton waited for someone to turn up—" they " failed to do so. Lady Dunn had a new style of coiffure. Hilary Charles wore red ; a Bishop was present ; Lord Beaverbrook danced.

Comtesse André de Limur in Eaton Square : a very pleasant diplomatically-inclined dance, husband being in French Embassy. Saw Duchesses of Marlborough and Westminster, Princess Otto von Bismarck, Alanova—had Serge Lifar quarrelled with Edward James that evening ?

Miss Jean Farquhar, Miss Suzanne Platt and bridesmaids when she married Mr. David bridesmaids' dresses after the wedding, and a

ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

Tabloid Social Diary of the Week

Lady Castlerosse, from 7, Charles Street (Maison James Beck), for Lady Honor Guinness. "I expect a thousand guests," said the portly Viscount; luckily for his pocket, not all turned up.

Same evening a quieter party, by **Mr. James Smith.** Dinner at the Ritz, singing afterwards at Hambleden House by Mark Raphael. The musical element to the fore—Lady Howard de Walden, Lord Moore, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, the Frederick Lawsons. Schubert's "Fair Maid of the Mill" beautifully sung.

Hands Across the Sea

Pourville.—Bracing little seaside resort, par Dieppe. "Billy" Gardner and Colonel "Chips" Smallwood (its overseers) report gala nights in the "Jungle," the town's "boîte de Nuit." The otter-hounds have opened their season, and killed an otter (not water-rat, as first reported). Under Prince Stourtza's Mastership, twenty-seven otters were killed last year. Lord Michelham has been there; is expected with his yacht in commission next month.

Aix-les-Bains.—Captain D'Arcy Rutherford, director des sports, sees that nobody lacks a partner at any game. Sir Robert Horne and the Aga Khan have already reserved their caddies on the golf-course—the latter the professional also. Princess Achille Murat shows herself a surf-board champion—see picture.

Senlis, Oise.—Mrs. Woolley Hart's Tyrolean-clad Parisians and Mayfairers ate chocolate buns and drank champagne till dawn, in a hunting-lodge. Understand since meeting Mrs. Wellington Koo (pronounced *GOO*), Lord Donegall, the slender marquess, thinks his favourite record is "In a Chinese Temple Garden."

Le Touquet.—Buck's Club recently had charge of Golf-course. "Lex" Wilson won the handicap. Decorous and decorative wives and dependents accompanied the clubmen overseas—Lady Warrender, Mrs. Archie Crabbe, Mrs. Charles Mills were among the ornaments to Casino and Golf-course. Prince of Wales sent large advance guard—all Le Touquet disappointed at his own non-appearance. Lord Portarlington and Picardy Hotel have similar characteristics: both always noticeable—Hilda Cowley was, too, playing at the big table. Heard that the duel between the Mayor and the Chief Director of the Casino has succumbed to friendly arbitration.

THIS WEEK'S GOOD THINGS

Tuesday. Mrs. Redmond McGrath lures us to St. John's Wood: postponed from Monday, else clashed with party given by Mrs. Loel Guinness and Mrs. Drogo Montagu. In-and-out(door) dancing—good party assured.

Wednesday. Lady Mary Erskine becomes Lady Mary Dunn; Miss Molly Gretton Mrs. "Teddy" Brook.

Thursday. Mrs. Washington Singer gives a musicale. Hope hostess sings, has lovely voice.

Friday. Mrs. Jack Paget welcomes C. B. Cochran, and his Young Ladies, at Ibstock Place. Bathing.

MR. PEEPS.

Wrong Again

We regret that photograph of Capt. and Mrs. D. S. Cripps last week, was not of them at all, but was of Capt. and Mrs. Philip Cripps instead. Former Captain is in the 8th, latter in the 60th.

Golf's not the Only Thing

Lord Grimthorpe, Mrs. Charles Mills and Captain H. J. Buckmaster doing a bit of the social stuff that makes up for the hard work of golf, on the Club-house verandah

Count Paul Munster, Lord Dalkeith and Lord Carlisle, looking more like the hard work part of the week-end, on their way to the first tee

Buck's Club Golf at Le Touquet

Players and Accompanists

Above: two of the "accompanists" were Mme. Robert Thion de la Chaume, who was Mlle. Manette le Blanc, and Mlle. Antoinette Kahn

Left: on the way to swim after golf (l. to r.), Capt. Archie Crabbe, his right leg, Captain Cecil Pim

Miss Tiny Vachell were three of the Hon. Eileen Hood's Baker last week. They went on a party in their with Mr. A. M. C. Jameson and Mr. G. P. Davis

• PERSONALITIES

• **MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL,** of many political posts and positions, who was badgered for an interview on the White Paper while bathing, is a first-class journalist—he thinks in headlines. He finds it hard to resist limelight at any time, even at a dinner-table, when he invariably takes the lead in any conversation. He has a habit of snuffling, combined with a quiet snort or two, before he speaks. He loves painting, although his pictures are not good, and he resents being interrupted while at work. He has a fine, easy flow of language, and is nearly always original in thought. He thinks very quickly. He is a devoted father, and finds it hard to find fault with his children.

• **LADY PORTARLINGTON,** who entertained the Duke and Duchess of York at dinner last week, is a very rich woman. She has extraordinarily good taste in decorating, but insists on period perfection and almost unnatural tidiness. She is a very efficient and knowledgable housekeeper. She is generous, and is exceedingly enthusiastic about any interest of the moment. This is, at present, slimming. She has pet names for her close friends, for whom she is very thoughtful ; she also uses pet words and sentences in her conversation with them. She realises the dignity of a social position, is an astute collector of silver, dresses well, loves dancing, but insists on a good partner. She has golden hair, an expressive mouth, a house in Chesham Place, and one son.

• **THE HON. PATRICK BALFOUR,** whose book, *Society Racket,* is selling very well, has a somewhat complex character. He is cynical, at times disdainful, eager to miss nothing, and yet at the back of his mind there is a streak of sentimentality combined with a belief in " uplift." In this he is entirely sincere. He has a Puckish sense of humour—he likes to " twist people's tails " and watch their reactions. He can be very amusing if he likes, but this is a treat awarded but seldom and to a select company of intimate friends. He is a dangerous enemy, but on the whole a good friend. He is capable of being more brilliant than he has at present revealed. He enjoys criticism, has only a little personal vanity, and does not look his best in a kilt.

Lady Portarlington

" Insists on a good partner "

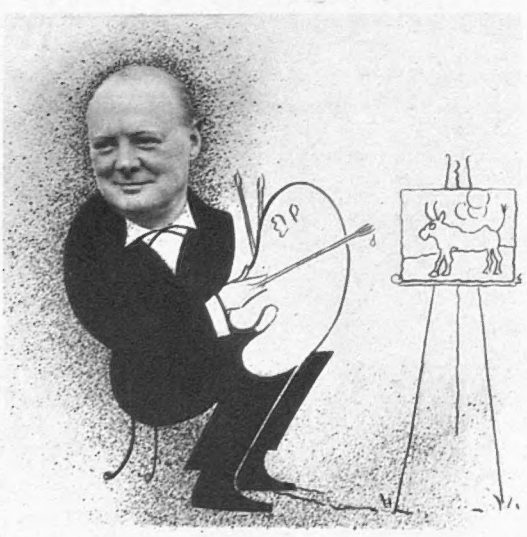
The Countess of Warwick

" Will grow old intelligently "

• **THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK,** *the* bride of last week, is more attractive than most classically beautiful people could ever hope to be. For anyone so young she has an unusually strong and distinct personality. She grasps at life with both hands, but is afraid of being inexperienced, and likes to feel that her knowledge is older than her years. She is quite exempt from any petty femininity ; she could never stoop to any form of spite. She has possibilities of depth of character, and will grow old intelligently and charmingly. She is courageous. She has dark eyes, dark hair, a fascinating smile, and a mole.

• **THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND,** who entertained King Feisal at Sutton Place, has pale golden hair. He is always well dressed and is a very clean person. He is slightly deaf and therefore frequently gives an unfavourable impression of inattention. He has done some astute business deals and is very conscientious when he has work to do. He finds it difficult to understand another person's point of view, but makes no attempt to force his opinions upon them. His enthusiasms are brief and not violent. He is a somewhat lonely person, with few very intimate friends. He likes tennis, riding, and a gramophone. He has a great sense of his position, not much appreciation of the humorous, and likes a certain amount of gossip. He has a large fortune, a beautiful wife, no children, a pet dachshund, and a black man-servant.

PETER PEPPER

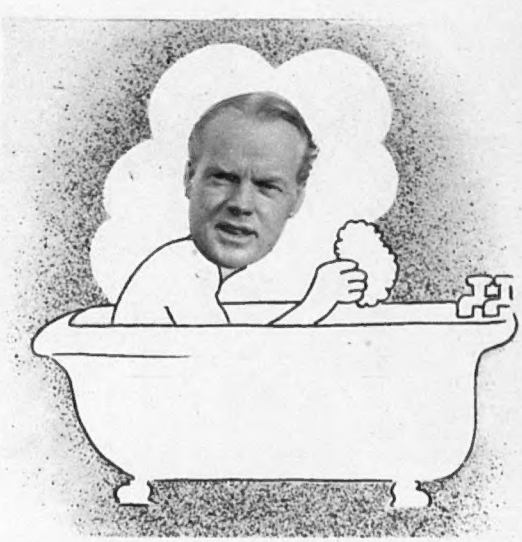


Mr. Winston Churchill

" Loves painting although his pictures are not good "

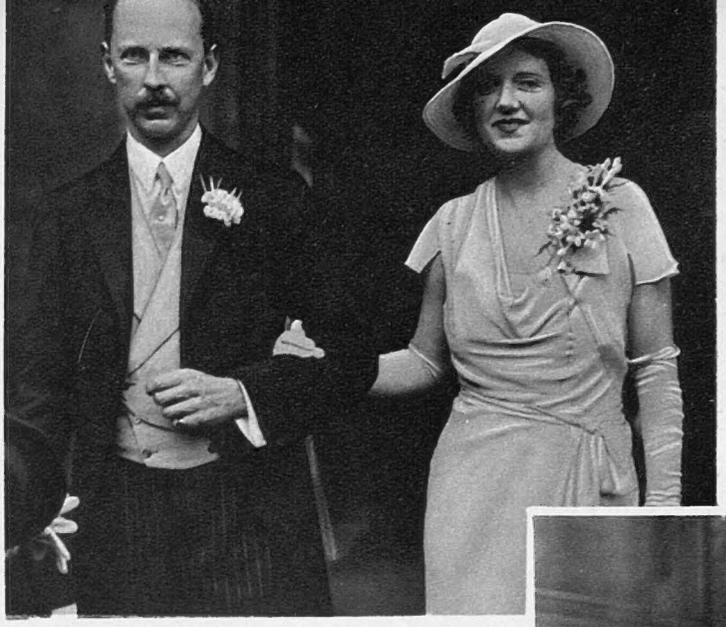
The Hon. Patrick Balfour

" Does not look his best in a kilt "



The Duke of Sutherland

" Is a very clean person "



Below : another of last week's weddings was that of Mr. Leander McCormick, a member of the famous millionaire family of Chicago, and the Comtesse de Fleurieu, who were married at a London register office

Above : Lord Claud Hamilton, the Duke of Abercorn's brother and an Equerry to the King, and Mrs. Violet Newall leaving St. Marylebone Parish Church after their wedding last week

Left : Miss Jean Elphinstone-Dalrymple appeared as the Pied Piper at the Flower Show and Fête at Petersham. She is the younger daughter of Sir Francis Elphinstone - Dalrymple, and is seventeen

This and That

An International Wedding

Mr. David Baker and the Hon. Eileen Hood

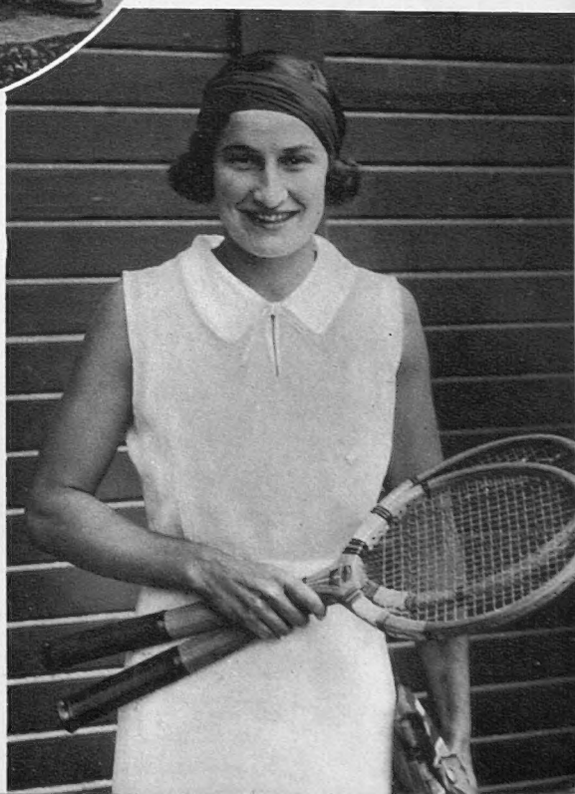
Mr. David Baker, of Letcombe Manor, eldest son of Mr. Charles Baker, and the Hon. Eileen Hood, Viscount Bridport's sister, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. Miss Hood had another of the so-fashionable all-white weddings

Engaged

Mr. Kenneth Harington, Judge Edward Harington's younger son, and the Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Glamis, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Strathmore and the late Duke of Leeds, announced their engagement last week. They were photographed at Shovelstrode Manor, near East Grinstead, Miss Bowes-Lyon's home

Right : the Hon. Varena Maxwell, Lord and Lady Farnham's younger daughter, at the Fitzwilliam Club, Dublin, where she was playing in the Irish Lawn Tennis Championships, which, after the All-England, is the oldest tournament

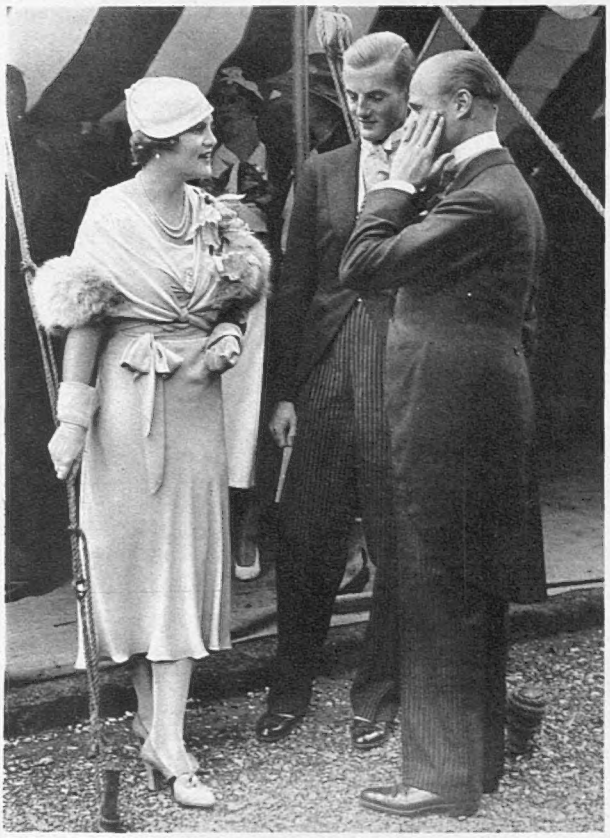
Poole, Dublin



Mayfair Goes to Sussex

The Earl of Warwick and Miss Rose Bingham's Wedding

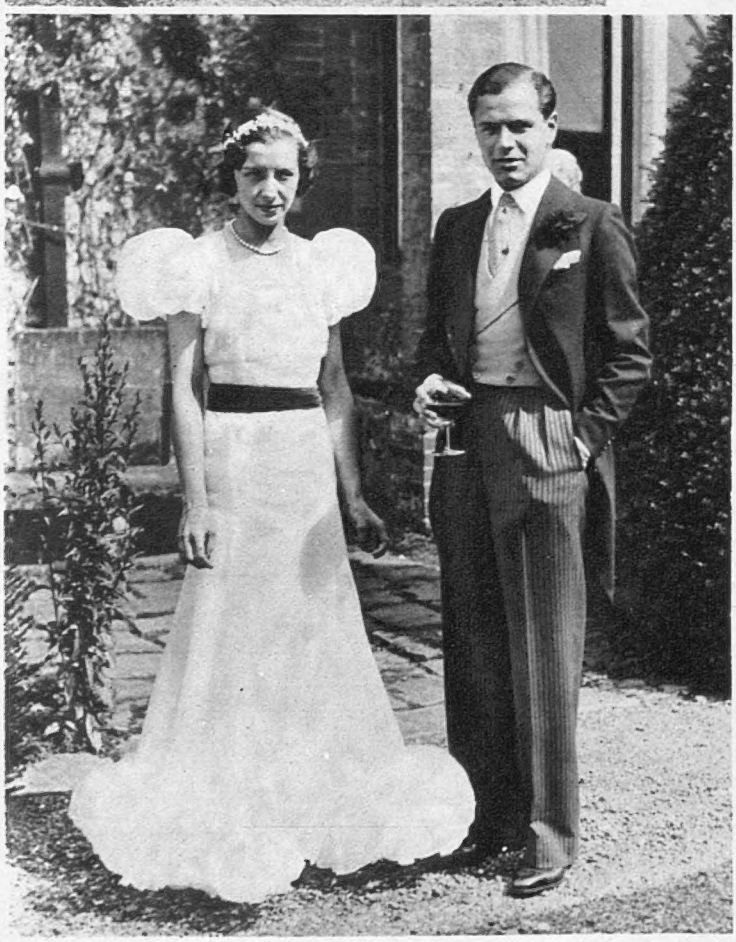
Below: the Earl and Countess of Jersey and Captain Stewart Forster at the reception at Littledene. Lady Jersey was looking as attractive as ever after her recent illness



Above: Viscount and Viscountess Gage, who are near neighbours at Firle Place, arriving at the reception

Right: Lady Romilly and Mr. Brand waiting to see the bride and bridegroom drive away

Below: Lady Betty Butler, Lady Rennell, and Lady Lorraine found that rarest of comforts—a seat at a wedding reception



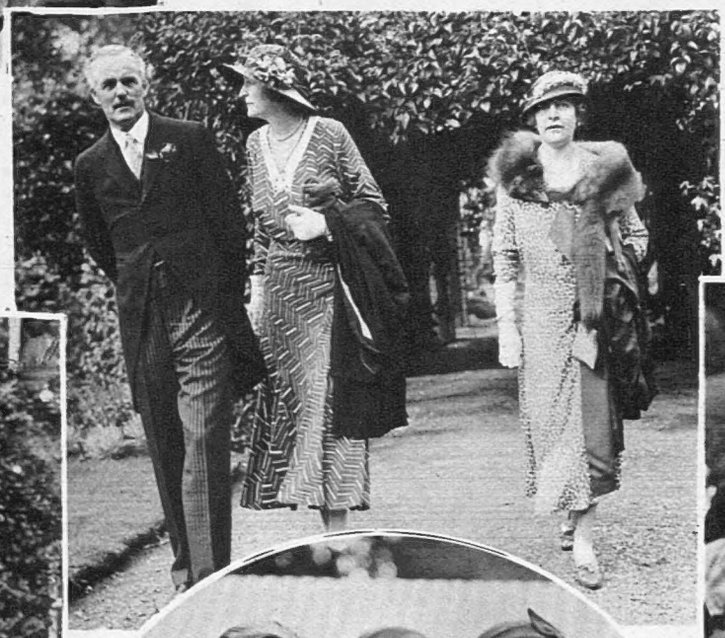
Miss Katherine Horlick was one of the four grown-up bridesmaids, who wore white organdie with dark red velvet sashes and carried dark red roses; she is with the Hon. Max Aitken

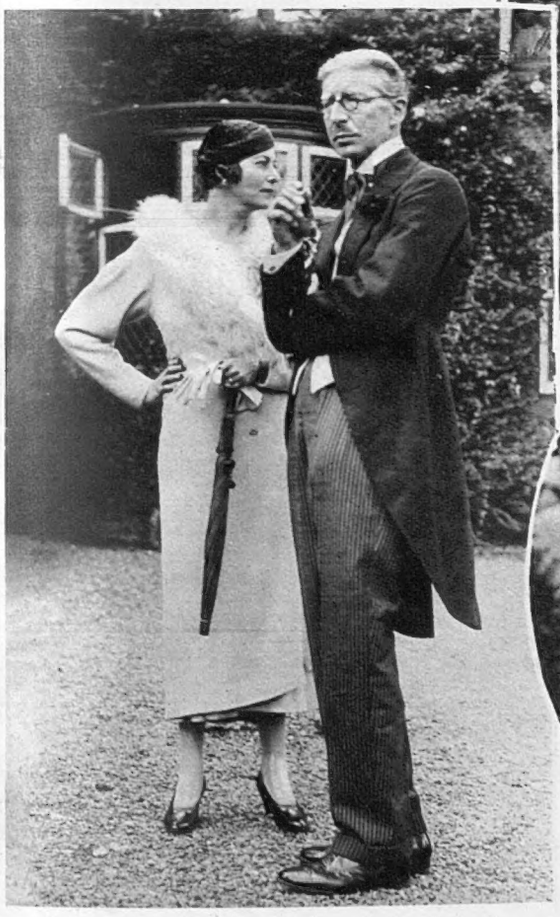
The Earl of Warwick and Miss Rose Bingham outside St. Mary's Church, Glynde, where their marriage took place. Miss Bingham, who is the daughter of the late Mr. D. C. Bingham and Lady Rosabelle Brand, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, wore white satin and carried white roses

Lady Rosabelle Brand, the bride's mother, talking to Mrs. Fred Lawson

Frances, Countess of Warwick, the bridegroom's grandmother, and the Rev. H. A. Haydon, who officiated at the wedding, outside Littledene

Left: Lieut.-Colonel Ralph Bingham, the bride's uncle, who gave her away, with Mrs. Ralph Bingham and the Countess of Lucan





Two more of the guests at the reception, which was held almost entirely out in the garden: the Duchess of Sutherland and Mr. Phillips

Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, who is Lady Rosabelle Brand's half-sister, with her mother, the Countess of Rosslyn

Miss Averil Streatfeild walking up to the house after the service in the church at Glynde

A Racing Reverie

Bibury, Lingfield and Newmarket: By "Regular"

Poole, Dublin

An Irish Engagement

Major Pyke, who is in the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, and Miss Gwen McCormack, Count John McCormack's daughter, at a Dublin race-meeting together

COWERING with shame in my corner of Tattersall's, I watched the glittering pageant of Bibury. Every now and then I would poke my head through the railings of the Members' Enclosure, deeply envious of those who had the right to enter, and wonder what it felt like to be a bona fide member of such an august body.

I QUESTIONED Lord Stavordale—the most recently-joined member—on the subject. He was slightly flushed at his success, and in his eyes was that light which one only sees in the eyes of a man who, after much striving, has achieved his life's ambition. Modestly, he protested that it was much like being a member of any other club; but I know different. I never had that triumphant look in my eye the day the late Mrs. Meyrick informed me I 'd been elected to the Forty-Three.

IN between the races, the more democratic of the members walk in the paddock—rubbing shoulders, I think, is the correct expression—with their less fortunate brothers and sisters from the other side of the rails. Eagerly I ran up to my acquaintances when they appeared, hoping that, by my association with them, I might be mistaken for a member. The deception, however, was short-lived, for when the bell rang for the next race and they returned to their Holy of Holies, I had to slink off to the ghetto of the race-course, known, for some obscure reason, as Tattersall's ring.

LORD CARNARVON takes his riding very seriously, and is, moreover, the most improved jockey riding. He rode a great race on Patmos when defeating Abe Cottrill on the hot-pot Golden Earl, and furthermore, I don't believe that there 's a word of truth in the rumour that he was riding under the influence of a master-mind in Gordon Richards, in the same way that Vines plays tennis under the influence of Mr. Mercer Beasley.

As usual, we had our successes and reverses, but the greatest success was achieved by Mrs. "Dod" Frankland. The boys from Tidworth and such-like places "couldn't have thought her nicer," and she went with a rare swing.

A LARGE crowd gathered in the hope of seeing Lord Weymouth have his virgin ride, but we were doomed to disappointment. However, I am assured that we shall see him on top in the very near future, so when you are feeling depressed and have done in a packet, you can always console yourselves with the thought that every cloud has a silver lining, and quite soon now we shall be applauding the Member for Frome.

Richardson

At Lingfield

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton and Lord Stanley "on the rails" in the paddock at the Lingfield Summer Meeting

AFTER Bibury, we went to Lingfield, where the going was very hard and, in consequence, there were very few runners. As a matter of fact, only one turned out in the last race on the Saturday, which was lovely and meant we didn't have to stay quite so long as usual, and also proved my contention that last races should invariably be abandoned.

THE field for the Imberhorne Handicap gave "Starter" Allison a whole lot of trouble, and when he did let them go only two horses got off. I was very much surprised that Michael Beary, who was riding at the other meeting, was not called over the coals about this. Michael's hypnotic influence must be stopped.

THE racing was decidedly dull, so much so that most of us had innumerable doubles, trebles, and accumulators at Chepstow and Haydock, and spent our time rushing to the board, conveniently situated between the bar and the cloak-room, where the results from other meetings are from time to time stuck up.

LORD PORTMAN, who had won the Bibury Cup with The Font, supplemented recent gains with Cresset, which got us out. Ridden by "Brownie" Carslake, he won in a hack canter—in fact, I haven't seen an easier winner this year.

AND so back to Newmarket and the July course, where, alternately, it blew a gale, rained in torrents, and the sun shone. The heaviest rain was reserved for while we were at the sales, and I 'm afraid a number of extremely important people got very wet. Here again I consider the powers that be were very lax in not ticking Beary off about it. Michael the scapegoat must not be allowed to get away with it like this.

THE nicest part about the sales is when you get home and say, "I 've been to the sales. It was all very interesting, and I liked the—— [mentioning the one that made the most money] best." Actually, what you really mean is that you went to the sales because you thought it was the smart thing to do, you were bored stiff, and left as soon as you could. Somebody conveniently told you which one had made the most money, and with this information you could talk very big and impress those people who 'd had the good sense to stay away.

I MUST point out that I 'm only referring to the mugs, like you and me, and not the bona fide buyers, who are, of course, the real life and soul of the party. Amongst them, I saw Lord Milton and his charming wife (Ireland's loss, England's gain). Lord Milton did not succeed in augmenting his stable during the short time I was with him, but he made some very spirited bids.

Now for a bit of racing. The meeting began with a very easy success for poor Wragg (whose run of bad luck has now given him a nasty fall), followed by some keen competition round the sale-ring, which disproved my contention that Jack Jarvis had no room for platers in his powerful stable. He retained the winner, Ellenborough, for 490 guineas.

BEFORE Sidney Beer became wedded to the arts, he used to own Figaro. Now Figaro belongs to his trainer, Jack Leach, who turned him out looking a treat, and he duly won. The price wasn't particularly remunerative, but that could not be wondered at as everybody seemed to think he was the gilt-edged good thing of the week.

MRS. ESMOND HARMSWORTH has been paying big prices for yearlings for some time now without ever getting a good 'un. It is, therefore, very gratifying to be able to say that in Master Vere, the winner of the Saxham Stakes, she owns a colt which is not very far removed from the best of his year. As our old friend Manacle was being kept by the Major for a more important race later on, betting took a wide range in this event, and a number burnt their fingers badly over the La Solfatara colt, which was supposed to be home and dried. I hope the Ali and Frank Butters watched Nitsichin's victory in the Dullingham Stakes. Could even Elliott have ridden a better race ?

AT Ascot, Uncle Regular gave you Blue Boy, but Richards gave away the rails and we were beaten a head. At Liverpool, I think Sir Wyndham Portal will find compensation for this vexatious defeat, and don't say I didn't tell you.

HOT·POT

Al Fresco Party

Mrs. Woolf Barnato, "Babe" Barnato's very attractive wife, and "Baby" Barnato, in other words, her small son Peter, sitting out in the garden together, up at Frinton, where they have been staying

Swaebe

Late Night Final

Sir James Dunn, the Hon. Sheila Berry, and the Hon. Patrick Balfour were all having supper and dancing in the same party recently at the Gargoyle Club

HAS a petition been delayed owing to a little trouble in a nursing-home?

* * *

IS a past love pleased at a broken engagement?

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN Countess called Winn,
Has become most exceedingly thin.
On a lettuce a day
She has faded away,
Now dear Winn is as thin as a pin.

* * *

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH has not lost Adèle Astaire's brilliance for the limelight.

* * *

SWIMMING does not make thin Bath Club ladies.

* * *

LORD LLOYD makes the hearts of the Ritz beauties beat faster.

DOES Lady Eileen Clarke like her husband's "First Effort" drawing of her; and should he study hard?

* * *

IS a titled "unmarried" getting too "la-di-da" to bother about interviews?

* * *

LADY MARY ST. CLAIR ERSKINE seems anxious to have a large wedding.

* * *

DOES a smart lady really enjoy yachting, or is it the charms of the owner?

* * *

WHY cannot all brave women look as feminine as Rosita Forbes?

* * *

A TREMENDOUS row has temporarily developed into a semi-peaceful conference.

WHEN will Lady Seafield visit Scotland?

* * *

ARE the house-agents getting busy for a lovely blonde lady with a newly-acquired bank balance?

* * *

WERE there a few hot words on the polo field; and were not they entirely justified?

* * *

WHY is June giving up her platinum hair?

* * *

WHAT was the idea of Mrs. Philip Carr and sister receiving their friends in Dolly Varden disguise?

* * *

THERE is a persistent rumour of a brother and sister—brother and sister engagement, but not much possibility of the second call.

* * *

ISN'T the famous "C.B." very social these days?

* * *

RESTAURANT cloak-rooms are not the wisest places to do confidential business.

Left: Lady Serena James, Lord Gainford, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, and Lady Gainford at Lumley Castle, Lord Scarborough's place in Durham, where Miss MacDonald spoke at the annual meeting of the Durham County Nursing Association

Below: Mr. Bruce, the High Commissioner of Australia, in true Henley dress, talking to Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Page Croft at the regatta

Australia at Henley

North Country People

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

I FOR one, am tired of hearing of the decline of Parliament. I refuse to believe that there is any decline, or that interest in politics to-day is not as vital as ever it has been. Certainly there has never been a time when the ordinary man and woman have been so directly affected by Parliamentary action as they are at the moment, and the popular Press, though it stuntifies politics, at least helps to keep them in the limelight.

IT is the politicians themselves who are bringing Parliament into disrepute. The sooner this House goes away on holiday the better. It should be up in a fortnight's time, and a good thing too. Lately, it has been deliberately treated by those who are its servants—the Cabinet—as though it was of no consequence whatever. It has been made to take a back seat, and forced to put up with second best. The Socialists—the feeblest collection of men that has ever sat on the Opposition Front Bench—naturally enough have not bothered to defend an institution which they intend to destroy; but why the rest of the House have not protested and stuck up for themselves is beyond me. Instead, they have been content with third-rate debates, conducted by Under-Secretaries puffed up with importance at their own position through their chiefs' absence, and naughty little questions.

MR. MALLALIEU—a Liberal—wanted to know why the Doric, the liner chartered by the Conservative Party for a summer cruise, was going to fly a flag of its own designing. What did it matter? Does he think the information was worth a guinea or whatever it cost to give him the facts? Why didn't he walk up Whitehall to the Admiralty and save everybody a lot of trouble? If he had, there would have been no loss of time or waste of money.

IT is extraordinary, judged by the standards of everyday life, how grown men with, one supposes, principles and beliefs, are badgered into doing what they have no wish to do, through fear of what may happen to them. A word from the Whips, and nine out of ten of the present Commons promise to be better boys in future. The tenth is put down as a disagreeable and dangerous fellow, and will probably be given something to keep him quiet.

THE burden of keeping people in their proper place is Captain Margesson's. On the whole, he has been a success. He has not had too easy a task with a National instead of a Party team, and with, to all intents and purposes, no opposition to cope with, all the usual appeals to loyalty and "making a good show" have been denied him. His troubles have come from his own side, which is always an embarrassing state of affairs. Ministers curse him for not running the House to suit their convenience. Backbenchers blame him for not looking after the Ministers. No wonder that, occasionally, Captain Margesson shows us that he is in a bad temper.

THE Ronald Ross—J. H. Thomas scene annoyed him very much. It was an undignified squabble, and if the papers had only understood it they would probably have given it headlines and made it into a first-class row. Minister-baiting by a Parliamentary Private Secretary is entertaining and unusual. There is a good deal to be said for both of them, and a good deal against. Major Ross snarled and was deliberately insulting; Mr. Thomas was angry and upset the House by bad form. Why it should be bad form to remind a man of the position which he has the honour to hold, I don't know. But the House has a number of silly fetishes and this is one of them.

I AM sorry for Mr. Thomas. In the present House he is unappreciated. He is misunderstood. It is partly his own fault, for he does not understand the present House; he doesn't like it, and he makes no attempt to hide it. The Conservative back-benchers, who see him only when he is on the Front Bench, wonder why it is that he is there. They would like to see one of their own number in his place. Mr. Thomas knows this—he's no fool—but to play down to gain cheap popularity is utterly alien to him. So he goes his own way, not caring. And the House doesn't like him any the better for it.

MR. HANNON has resigned from the India Defence League. He has never lacked critics, but, to date, not one of them has cast doubt on his courage or his perseverance and discrimination. Now, after kite-flying in a letter to the *Times*—showing us the way the wind was blowing—he has thrown his hand in altogether, in a letter which, to the extent of its Party glucose, might well have been written by the author of the letters which are sent out to every by-election candidate from Messrs. Baldwin and MacDonald.

I HAVE often wondered whether any single voter has ever been taken in by these Party leaders' letters to their candidates. Does anyone really think that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald care one hoot whether Mr. So-and-So gets to Westminster or not? The letters themselves, a mixture of smug satisfaction at moderate achievements and bogey-drawing of opponents, have become so farcical that really they should be dropped. The candidates would be delighted.

THE Liberal Nationalists are forcing the pace towards a National Party. Sir John Simon was given his orders before he left for abroad and made his set speech according to plan, emphasising the non-party attitude adopted by the Cabinet in all its deliberations. There lies the root of future trouble. The Conservative Party, who keep the Government in power, at times seem to be entirely without Cabinet representatives.

So this is Charm . . .

Beauty, Brains and Grace in the Younger Set

Lady Alexandra Haig is the eldest of the three daughters of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, and a sister of the present Earl. Miss Pamela Nicholl is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nicholl, of Wargrave-on-Thames. The Hon. Viola Lyttelton is the eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Cobham, and is twenty-one. She has one brother and two sisters

Above:
The Lady Alexandra Haig

Right:
The Hon. Viola Lyttelton

Below:
Miss Pamela Nicholl

Miss Joan Buckmaster is the daughter of Captain H. J. Buckmaster and Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper): she is an ex-débutante of some two years' standing. She has one brother, John Buckmaster, and a four-year-old half-sister, Sally Pearson. Miss Priscilla Weigall is the only daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, and did her first season last year

Above:
Miss Joan Buckmaster

Right:
Miss Priscilla Weigall

Photos by Yevonde, Kay Vaughan and Elwin Neame

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

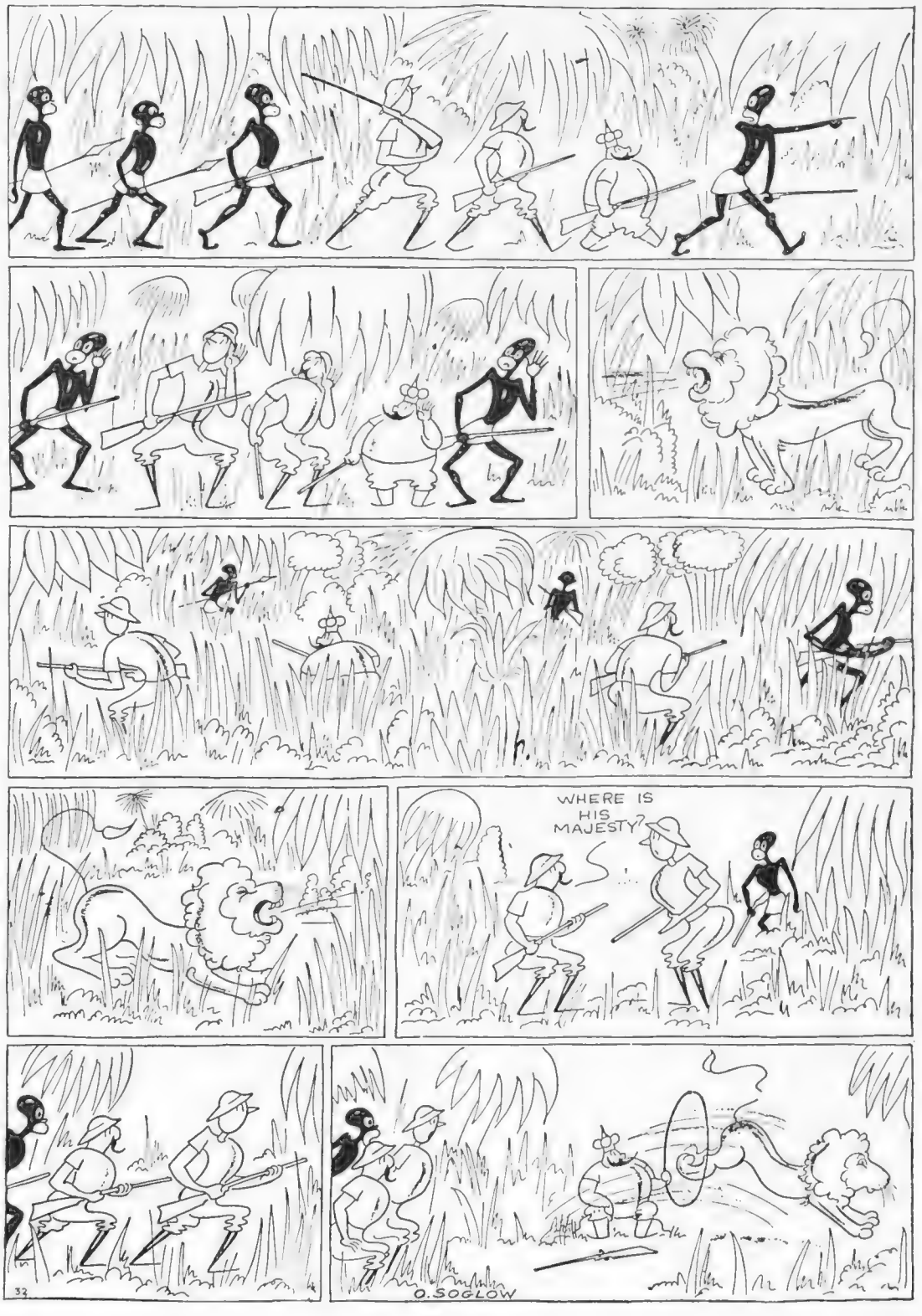
By

"The Bystanders"

WE had a nerve-racking time with the Economic Conference. No sooner had we sent in the last weekly instalment of this elegant monologue to the Editor, including in it a well-spelt paragraph on the permanence of the thing, than, dang it! the Delegates got restive; talked of having to get back to the little woman. We had visions of this department looking pretty silly on July 12th. Better counsels, however, prevailed. We woke on the morning of the twelfth to find the lark on the wing, the snail on the thorn, the Economic Conference in the Geological Museum, and all right with the world!

OUR observations regarding tea-shoppe titles — including Ye Poke Bonnette, Ye Mecca, and Ye No Namie — have brought from readers a number of distinguished additions to our olde collection of "Ye's," all sworn to exist in these islands. New items include Ye Tot Shoppe (children's clothes), Ye Smokynge Cappe (tobacconist), Ye Tuck Inn (sandwich-bar), and Ye Bagge of Trycks (antique shop). An investigation of the whimsy-whamsy situation in America has lately been carried out by Alexander Woollcott, than whom none more fitted, etc., etc. The sage publishes his findings in the *New Yorker*. After analysing them, we are driven to the reluctant conclusion that in this direction, as in most others, America leads the world. There is a school, it seems, in Los Angeles that styles itself the Kalif. Kiddie Kollege. Washington boasts a Tumalong Taxi company (or maybe it's a tumpany). On Broadway an outfitter advertises Totsy Toggs, a sweetshop Kiddie Licks. There are children's breakfast foods labelled "Lishus" and "Bekus Puddy," and a burial-ground entitled "The Cemetery Unusual." A spy of our own reports that a certain Tudor-style hostelry in Hollywood has labelled its wash-hand-room, "Ye Menne." Hideous though it may seem, there are people who actually get a kicke out of this sorte of thynge, which, to us, is a payne i' ye necke. Philip Jordan, one of the liveliest and least reverend of advertising men, has suggested that any grown man or woman believed guilty of such a crime should be tried and condemned by a special court. Court, he says, might be known as Winnie the Ogpu.

RACQUEL MELLER, we learn, finished her Spanish tour at Barcelona the other day. Last item on the programme was the number in which she throws violets to the house. Gallery was packed with visiting Sevillans, Seville being the



Here He is Again!

Cannons of Hollywood

Above: ***Barbara Barlow***

Who has appeared in several West End plays, and done a good deal of successful film work, and may go over to New York to play there in the autumn. Her grandfather, Mr. Thomas Taylor, was one of the Commodores of the Cumberland Fleet before it became the R.T.Y.C.

Right: ***Dorothy Black***

A reproduction of the portrait by Hedwig Pillitz of Dorothy Black as Emily Brontë, the part in which she appears in Alfred Sangster's play, "The Brontës," at the Royalty

Janet Jevons

Elsie Carlisle

whose "crooning" with Ambrose's Band, both in vaudeville and over the air, is a popular number. Elsie Carlisle completes her contract with Ambrose in a few weeks, and expects to go over to Holland with Ray Noble in August

city Meller ran from when she left the convent for the stage. The galleryites, seeing all the violets going to the stalls, subscribed ties, handkerchiefs, and other morsels of clothing to form a rope long enough to lower a note to the performer, saying: "Violets for the gallery, please." Meller obligingly replied by fastening the remaining flowers to the rope, which was then hauled gallerywards amidst huzzahs. Rope, unfortunately, broke en route; grandees in the stalls were bombarded with a rain of ties, braces, and sweet violets. . . .

An enduring landmark of the town is the bookshop in the Café Royal. This has stood there as long as we can remember; management moved it around, though, when they broke up the old brasserie with the faded velvet, peeling gilt, cherub-haunted ceiling, and the putty-coloured plaster ladies scratching their stomachs each side of the mirrors. The bookseller's choice of literature has always been interesting, if a trifle haphazard; reflects, we don't doubt, the literary spirit of Bohemia: *Fleurs du Mal, Contes Drolatiques, Mlle. de Maupin,* to maintain the slightly raffish tradition of the shelves; also political works and biographies of the friskier dead. For years the books have been arranged anyhow. Lately, though, the stand shows signs of organisation; system is at work; someone striving to keep abreast of the times. Top shelf, for instance, is evidently to be devoted to a historical section. So far, the section contains but two books. They are *The History of the Game of Bowls* and *The History of the Rod: Flagellants and Flagellation.*

Such infernally-titled films as *Hell Below, Hell Divers, Sky Devils,* and *Hell's Angels* owe much of their effectiveness to the co-operation of the United States Government. America willingly lends her fleets, armies, aerial armadas, and historic beauty spots to the Hollywood producers; reckons this as sound national publicity. Our own authorities are not so accommodating. A British company recently applied for permission to shoot exteriors for a costume picture in Hampton Court Palace. The powers-that-be took quite a long time to reply, then agreed that the scenes should be taken as long as work was completed every day, and gear removed, by 9 a.m.; said they had a duty to the visiting public, which would not care to see the Palace cluttered up with actors, cameras, and what-not. Company had sense enough not to argue; just built what they wanted of Hampton Court on the lot, at the cost of several thousands of pounds.

A film-director of our acquaintance had a similar experience in Egypt.

Aldershot Personalities—No. 3

Brigadier K. G. Buchanan, C.M.G., D.S.O., 2nd Infantry Brigade

His story demanded the co-operation of the Camel Corps. The General in command, who used a monocle, unwillingly consented to assemble the camels for just one afternoon—on condition that they performed no more than the evolutions laid down in the appropriate manual. General insisted, too, on being allowed to direct the scenes in question. The director, an old hand at the game, expressed delighted gratitude ; asked, though, for permission to rehearse the troops on the previous day. With the aid of a sergeant-major, he shot all the film he required at rehearsal and, next day, when the General came along, had the cameramen cranking empty cameras. Game was very nearly up when the General remarked that the cameras had turned all day without reloading. However, he accepted the explanation that they were special cameras, invented by a genius in Germany. The picture was a great success.

" The Bystander " Cruise—Another Lucky Guinea

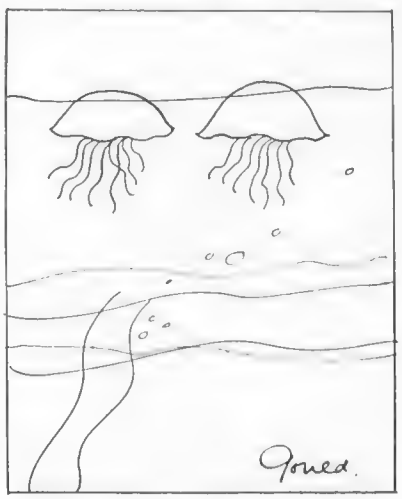
The second of the twenty " Bystander " cruise photographs to be published, in which a passenger is " spotted " and gets a lucky guinea when he " spots " himself and writes in, giving name and address. Of this group of sun-bathers on the deck of s.s. Lapland, the Red Star liner on which the cruise took place, the passenger on the right with the " ringed " head is the lucky one

" No, no, Edgar. You see, I separate them at night "

Automobile phenomenon of the month is the red car, polka-dotted in white, that 's around town these days. We first saw this dodging down the Haymarket ; make of the car eluded us, and we were too slow to catch the number. Driver was a lady. She had on a red hat that didn't match up with the vehicle. If she aims to get in the news with that car of hers—well, here she is, plumb in it. Effect of the phenomenon on passers-by was marked and interesting ; all stared, most laughed ; several looked dazed ; one shook his head.

The Mayor Gallery in Cork Street is now the headquarters of a group of artists who have taken to themselves the name of Unit One. The Unit, we gather from Messer Paul Nash, was created to " unite individual artists, all of whom were working under certain difficulties, many rather discouraged, some actually persecuted in petty ways." People, it seems, are being cruel to artists, which strikes us as a disgrace to a filthy, enlightened age like the Present. It 's comforting, however, to know that the boys now have a hang-out of their own ; can come rushing from the Mayor Galleries, in Cork Street, to the rescue of any member of the Unit who is being persecuted in a petty way. Nash doesn't say what the " certain difficulties " are. One of them, we guess, is the shortage of models with square faces. Unit comprises painters, sculptors, architects who believe in " the contemporary expression." They fall, if we have the thing correctly, into two groups. One lot pursues Form (" the expression of the structural purpose in search of beauty in formal interaction and relations apart from representation ") ; the rest pursue the Soul (" attempt to trace the psyche in its dubious flight "). If this is " the contemporary expression," then we 'd sooner have a nice hot cup of cocoa. Our own psyche, dubious in its flight at the best of times, goes all of a dither at the mere thought of it : we get so hot and bothered, you 'd never guess ; are in two minds whether or not to run round to the Mayor Galleries in Cork Street and offer them our darned old psyche as a model.

Polo is the oldest ball game ; takes its name from " pulu," Tibetan word for a ball. You can discover this for yourselves in the cyclopædia, but don't forget we got there first ! In Victorian times, persons of indifferent taste referred to polo as " hockey on horseback," whereas, of course, hockey is correctly " polo on foot," the regimental game being the ancestor of all ball games : hockey, cricket, and golf alike. The impresarios of sport —bless their cigars !— have yet to " discover " polo ; set crack professional sides battling in flood-lit stadia (or -ums). The only two exploitations we can recall were the series of miniature matches fought some years ago on the stage of a London music-hall, and the since-rescinded decision of Hurlingham



Our Nature Study Department

" Don't be so sloppy, Eric ! "

An Orgy in Old St. Petersburg

Rasputin (Lionel Barrymore) spends a gay evening in the palace with a bevy of beauty that never would be found outside Hollywood: a scene from the M.-G.-M. film "Rasputin, the Mad Monk," in which Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore all took leading parts

to admit the general public. A possible reason for the failure of the business men to cash in on polo is the language of the players. Any decent working-man caught outside a public-house using a fraction of the rude words which the average polo-player flings at a stand crowded with delicately nurtured and flower-like women would be safe for fourteen days without the option.

A SHARP rise is recorded in the nose market. Nose-news of the week includes the hideous case of Mr. de Costa of Chicago. Mr. de Costa had his nose nipped by a live lobster in a restaurant: is suing for £20,000 damages, which comes to £15,000 more than was asked, a week or so earlier, by Mr. George T. Nichols, of Oklahoma, whose nose swelled up double-size after he 'd used a new shaving-brush. Both these cases of nose-desecration were recorded in the columns of our solemn contemporaries. Whatever you may say, Anton Tchehov, life is great fun!

No people can be more cantankerous about new forms of Art than the people of London. Remember the début of Epstein's "Rima"? Decent ratepayers boiled at the mere mention of the thing. Rumours went round that no bird would go near the Hudson Bird Sanctuary while that horror was there ("Trust the dickies—they know!"). Medical students hopped the Park railings by night and painted the lady green, thus earning the applause of Colonels who took this to be evidence that our young men were still sound at heart. Nowadays, though, nobody cares. You 'll hear nursemaids pointing out the bas-relief to their charges: "That 's 'Rima,' Marjorie," they say—as mildly as though it were "That 's 'Bubbles,'" or "Look, duckies, 'The Light of the World'!" Quick to anger, the Londoner soon forgives—or, maybe, forgets.

THE BYSTANDERS

POPULAR PLAYGROUNDS

No. 5—Maidenhead

WHERE Father Thames glides on between
The quiet hills of living green,
And myriad leaves upon the trees
Dance lightly in the summer breeze;
Whilst cloudlets sail the azure sky
As light and shadow gaily vie
In casting on the river's face
Swift-changing traceries of grace—
In short, where Nature's gems abound,
The town of Maidenhead is found.

Here gentlemen with fat cigars
Come down from town in gleaming cars,
Accompanied by damsels fair
Who certainly know how to wear
Delightful hats and charming frocks
And boast alluring golden locks;
And though they seldom punt or row,
For exercise DOES bore them so,
A motor-launch can lure them to
Deeds of aquatic derring-do.

If you 've but little cash to spare,
To Maidenhead do not repair,
For though hotels and clubs abound
And every pleasure here is found,
They do not cater for the type
Which favours bottled beer and tripe,
For tastes are rich and more enlarged,
With cars and meals both supercharged;
But Maidenhead 's a joy for those
Who 'll pay for beauty through the nose. B. W.

"Dammit, Bertie! You breathed!"

Music and all That . . .

Folk-Song, Ballet and a Masque

By "Melos"

Mlle. Jelly d'Aranyi Sasha

The famous violinist has been giving a series of recitals in the cathedrals of England to raise money for the unemployed. She played last week in Westminster Abbey; her programme there included Bach, Mozart, and Purcell

MORE twaddle is talked, and written, about folk-song and folk-dances than about any other form of music. There are plenty of quite sincere arty-and-crafty folk who derive a sort of austere pleasure from it, just as they do from weaving their own garments, walking about in sandals, and eating nuts. They are not more than normally irritating, except when they raise a hullabaloo to the effect that folk-song is the highest and purest peak in all music.

Some of it is undoubtedly beautiful. But most folk-song is boosted by enthusiasts merely on the grounds that it has been handed down through the generations, linked, usually, to childish or ridiculous words.

I fail to see any peculiar virtue in a tune because it is old and because some friend of the late Mr. Cecil Sharp, or even Mr. Cecil Sharp himself, heard it crooned by the village hag over a great fire in some incredibly remote district and dotted it down on the back of an envelope—probably incorrectly.

FOLK-SONG can actually do harm when it prevents young composers from searching for original ideas, if they have any. No less a person than Sir Edward Elgar once said in public that he had a very poor opinion of those composers who could not think of their own tunes.

By them he probably meant the young "Celtic Twilight" school (so dull that it might be called the Twilight Sleep school). This, fortunately, has fewer members now than it had four or five years ago, when almost every other British composer founded symphonic poems, etc., on folk melodies. They not only gave these melodies an elaboration which they did not deserve, they also saved themselves the trouble of letting the public realise their true quality as musicians.

The Hon. William Brownlow

Lord Lurgan's only son making a record in the Columbia studios. He gives all the profits from his gramophone records to the St. Giles Home for British Lepers, of which Princess Marie Louise is President

I do not say folk-song should never be used, symphonically or even operatically, as Humperdinck used it in *Hansel and Gretel*. But it should be used sparingly and with tact.

THIS may seem a strange prelude to comments on a folk-song concert which was particularly enjoyable. But it does not alter either my point or the point of Mr. W. J. Turner's wise comment that "as a rule, folk-song and folk-music are the refuge of the incompetent and the mediocre."

I have never heard more interesting folk-music, better sung, than that at Mme. Engel Lund's recital at the Ambassadors Theatre. This singer has not often appeared in London, and is unfamiliar to those who do not listen to music except in their own country. So it is distinctly a case of "What do they know of Engel Lund who only England know?"

None the less, Mme. Lund speaks English well, and before each song she told us something about its history, not with the pedantry of a lecturer but in charming, and even amusing, fashion. She sang, in their original tongues, groups of songs from France, Germany, Scandinavia, Scotland, England, Iceland, and Spain, and also songs in Yiddish. The songs were not equal in merit, but all were sung beautifully.

I HAD not hitherto associated the district of Park Lane with masques, but a very delightful one has just been performed at the house, in Great Stanhope Street, of Dr. Howard Humphris, past-President of the Hunterian Society (which has nothing whatever to do with music). Nor did the masque in question have anything to do with medicine, but with famous and beautiful women of all the ages. Mary Perry-King, the American poetess, wrote it in collaboration with the Canadian poet, the late Bliss Carman, and, entitled "Daughters of the Dawn," it proved most effective.

It owes much to the music of that accomplished composer Mr. Herbert Bedford. This has a keen sense of the dramatic, but never becomes either cheap or sentimental. I hear that "Daughters of the Dawn" may be "released," as it were, for public performance; it is far too good to be kept in obscurity.

THE *Ballets Russes* at the Alhambra continue to draw crowded audiences and would probably find a stay in London of some months exceedingly profitable. This is not to be, since the theatre is to be pulled down next month, and there is no hope of the process being postponed.

The little Bizet ballet, *Jeux d'Enfants*, is mainly remarkable for the dancing of Mlle. Riabouchinska, who appears as a child and also appears to *be* a child, though no child could show such consummate art. There is a certain amount of futuristic nonsense in this ballet, but Mlle. Riabouchinska cuts right through it and gets down to the bottom of things in such a refreshingly simple way that no one worried as to what the geometrical scenery meant, if, indeed, it means anything at all.

"SCUOLA DI BALLO," with music by that elegant eighteenth-century figure Boccherini, is much better stuff in every way, though it was poorly orchestrated.

Rarely have I heard so much laughter produced just by dancing and by miming. M. Woizikowsky has most of the male work, M. Massine, like the true artist he is, consenting to dance quite a minor rôle, although he designed the whole ballet.

Mlle. Riabouchinska again triumphed. My only complaint about her is that her name is so very long; for it will be necessary to write it often, since she is probably the greatest dancer in the world.

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 7

Lady Eleanor Smith

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

ELEANOR SMITH ought not to be alive at all. When she came into the world, at Birkenhead, the doctors said they were very sorry, but she was dead. For she was bright blue and didn't breathe. The nurse protested, however, that she did not like "losing" babies, and massaged her with brandy for three hours. A faint squeak ultimately ensued, and Eleanor came to. It was a good thing for novel-readers that the nurse did not want to spoil her record. *Red Waggon*, her first novel, has sold fifty thousand copies. *Flamenco* has sold more. Since then, there have been *Satan's Circus* and *Ballerina*. *Christmas Tree* will come out, suitably enough, this Christmas.

Since she was eight years old, Eleanor has been crazy about the gipsies, and has talked to them whenever she had a chance. She went to four schools in England and two in France, and always with her went Borrow's *Dictionary of Romany*, which she studied surreptitiously in "prep." To-day, she talks it as well as I talk French. Curiously, she finds it far easier to talk with the Rumanian gipsies than the Welsh. The latter have introduced English grammar to the Hindustani words and made a fearful jumble of it.

Her great-great-grandmother, whose name was Bathsheba, is responsible for the Romany blood in the Smith family. From her Eleanor gets her brilliant eyes, her love of bright colours, her olive skin, which flushes as she writes, the shape of her head, and the curliness of her hair. Strangely, though, she finds it easier to work in London than anywhere else, and it does not matter how many people are chattering as she writes. Her love of the circus, too, comes from great-great-grandmother Bathsheba. She has been spending the last ten days in a waggon in Bertram Mills's circus. That is her idea of a holiday after writing the last full-stop in *Christmas Tree*.

ELEANOR has always had abounding energy. An earlier chapter in her life involves the telephone-game—ringing people up, pretending to be a reporter and asking highly intimate questions. Once she scraped back her hair, said she was on the *Birkenhead News*, and had a long tête-à-tête with Clive Brook—asking him the most ridiculous things. He was furious when he discovered. Other adventures included the Treasure Hunt period. But she has long ago graduated from all that. For three years "hard," she wrote, at my instigation, the gossip in the *Sunday Dispatch*—"Through My Window in Vanity Fair." We still both blush at that terrible title. "C'est finit, la jeunesse," she will tell you now. To-day she loves evening dresses, but seldom wears them. She adores very hot weather and films. She is devoted to Spanish dancing, and lives with her mother in Chester Street. She hates being photographed unexpectedly, and dislikes meat more than once a day. She has no intention of writing any more books about gipsies or circuses, and if you ask her why she is still unmarried she will say: "Well, I may not remain so for very long."

D

Second Thoughts

Off and On

How to make a "hit": Charles Heslop as the Wimbledon rabbit with the lion-like first service and the feeble second, in "After Dark," the revue at the Vaudeville

Sketches of "After Dark," at the Vaudeville, by Rouson

"The Mexican Revue" (Strand)

MEXICO was a tough joint fifty years ago, and my impression, after sampling the local brand of revue at the Strand the other night, is that, in its more open spaces, the rough stuff still prevails. I mean, Mr. Cochran would be considered a bit "arty" up-country. But perhaps I'm all wrong, and what with Ford trucks and wireless and the "talkies," every one-horse town just raves about Tchekov, Pirandello, and Eugene O'Neill. After all, some six words of Spanish aren't much of an excuse for critical expression on Señora Lupe Rivas Cacho and her company. Nevertheless, I wouldn't mind wagering a new sombrero to a peseta—four words left—that in the matter of song, dance, and broad comedy, Wolverhampton has nothing to fear from Tampico. Gillie Potter audaciously combines the rôles of compère and dramatic critic without getting bumped-off from the wings.

"After Dark" (Vaudeville)

ABOUT *After Dark* at the Vaudeville, no conundrums obscure the view. This is a gay and brisk hot-pot of the familiar after-a-good-dinner ingredients by that experienced chef Ronald Jeans, the Mrs. Beaton of revue. Mr. Jeans has a sketch or two to make the dowagers cough and the debs giggle, some neat topical lyrics and allusions, and a nice dry line in witticisms. Two Kenneths, Duffield and Leslie-Smith, between them, have written some presentable tunes; the young ladies of the chorus put a strong case for leg-theory in frequent outbursts of negroid foot-work; and Aubrey Hammond's décor pleases the eye.

Louise Brown, who makes me think simultaneousy of Marda Vanne and Genée—a charming combination—sets the distaff side a good example of versatility. Her ballet dancing is as light and airy as a bubble, but a bubble without the squeak. Miss Brown has a nice voice for a sentimental duet, and she can beat out a hot-step with the best.

And how to show a decorous yet exuberant leg: Betty Frankiss goes all Victorian in "dairymaids"

on First Nights

the Revue Standard

NELSON KEYS heads an imposing male array of talent, and when I say that he is, in turn, an exotic member of a rumba band, a German tripper, an American globe-trotter, a Court jester, a schoolboy, a Chinese house-boy, Sir Thomas Beecham, Eddie Cantor, and Jack Hulbert, you, who know the acid sharpness of his Tom Thumb satire, can get a fair idea of how brilliantly revue's pocket Puck delivers the goods in tabloid form. Mr. Keys hits so many nails on the head that it is a difficult task to name the shrewdest blow.

Then there is Charles Heslop, who trips on with a squash racquet and proceeds to perform a tennis ballet on his own. This bit of nonsense has a quaint touch of absurdity which gets you where you laugh. His burlesque of one of those hearty drinking-songs so popular with pre-war baritones is good concert-party fooling.

THE ballets are so-so. One, called *Fahrenheit*, with music by Peggy Cochrane and choreography by Frederick Ashton, is one of those vaguely expressionist affairs, which expresses a little more to me now that I have discovered that Louise Brown was an Orchid and Harold Turner a Cactus. Left alone together in a hotted-up conservatory, these are just the kind of plants you 'd expect to be up to their nonsense. Anyway, the dancing is first-rate.

The second, *Wall Street*, is a symbolic sermon for speculators. A poor mutt hovers between a vast tape-machine and a bed on which a blonde gold-digger reclines seductively, while the chorus perform physical exercises indicative of the struggle between Bull and Bear.

The prize for the best lyric goes to Herbert Farjeon, who has tersely told the Brontë Sisters just where they get off. This impertinent topical tit-bit is well sung by Louise Brown, Betty Frankiss and Betty Davies.

The four best sketches are those in which Ronald Jeans tapes off modern youth, long-distance telephones, beach-lizards (female), and the Haymarket-St. James's school of drama under the Crazy-Week influence of Flanagan-and-Allenism. Oi !

This revue should run till After Dinner and After Dark are synonymous terms. TRINCULO.

Below : Roy Royston and Louise Browne, seen making a typical Buddy Bradley exit, dance and sing duets. On the right is the great little man of the show, Nelson Keys, shown, for a change, as his inimitable self. The girls serve as a connecting-link between sketches throughout the show, so it is only fair that they should do so here

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk"

Caricatures by "Jonk"

Roger Riley

The Captain having another dart

"THERE was a little man who had a little gun, And at Bisley you would find him," because that 's where all the crack shots of the House are this week, dressed up in their best (which means worst) Saturday morning clothes. The Stock Exchange always sends a team to Bisley to shoot for the Astor, Belgian, and Stewards' Cups. And most of the members of the team compete as individuals in any of the other events for which they may be qualified.

ROGER RILEY, the match Captain, always does; he holds his qualifications through the Warwickshire Yeomanry and the R.F.C., with which he served during the war. Up in the air in 1916, he met a Boche who must have been a better shot than he was, for he was brought down, and lost a leg. Now he is known as one of "Sidney Walker's cripples"; there are three one-legged heroes in the firm of Walker, Crips and Co., to which he is attached. As a boy, Roger Riley shot for three years in succession for Brighton College, and he has twice reached the coveted King's Hundred, the third stage for the King's Prize, at Bisley. He 's an Irish International, too; very Irish, he is—one of the people whom everyone likes to rag about their nationality. In his spare time, he runs the University working-men's club at Bethnal (pronounced locally, "Beffnal") Green. There he not long ago had the honour of playing the Prince of Wales at darts: H.R.H. won.

GEORGE RICHARDSON JUNIOR was the Bisley Captain before Roger Riley took on; he is a Silver Medallist, has been in the King's Hundred no less than five times, and is an English International. He is the son of George Richardson Senior, whose portrait we meant to hold in reserve for the day when we are allowed on to a colour-page. However, "Jonk" changed his mind. "G. R. Junior" always giggles when he is firing the last shot for a "possible," which, unfortunately, never helps him to get it; for even the crack of cracks can't shoot straight on a wobbly tummy. So "Jonk" has suggested a way in which "G. R. Senior" could assist his son at critical moments, by "stopping the wobbles."

NEXT there is A. E. P. Bridge, who is also in the team. There is a story about him, that the butts once complained that there was no shooting on his target, and the range officer threatened to turn him off if he didn't hurry up. His explanation was that he 'd asked his neighbour about the wind, and got the answer, "Five minutes"; he said he 'd waited ten minutes already.

ANOTHER member of the team is A. L. F. (Alf, for short) Green, the Secretary to the Committee for General Purposes. He took up shooting because, as he said, his golf had got so bad. If he shoots faute de mieux, his team-mates wonder what his golf was like before it got in the state he complains of. The veteran of the side is Johnny Coats, also an English International; he was in the Zulu War, and is still shooting like a youngster.

CYRIL MACKWORTH PRAED has been shooting everything all his life; we have written before about his exploits with a gun. He shot for Eton at Bisley; has been in the King's Hundred many times, and is yet another English International. He generally creates a sensation at Bisley by rushing round in his car in the twenty minutes allowed between the 600 and 900 yards' shoots, and having a go at the clay pigeons, so as not to waste time when he might be firing something at something.

THE Hon. Secretary of "the whole shoot" is Bob Inglis. He is, in every sense of the phrase, a host in himself. Everyone

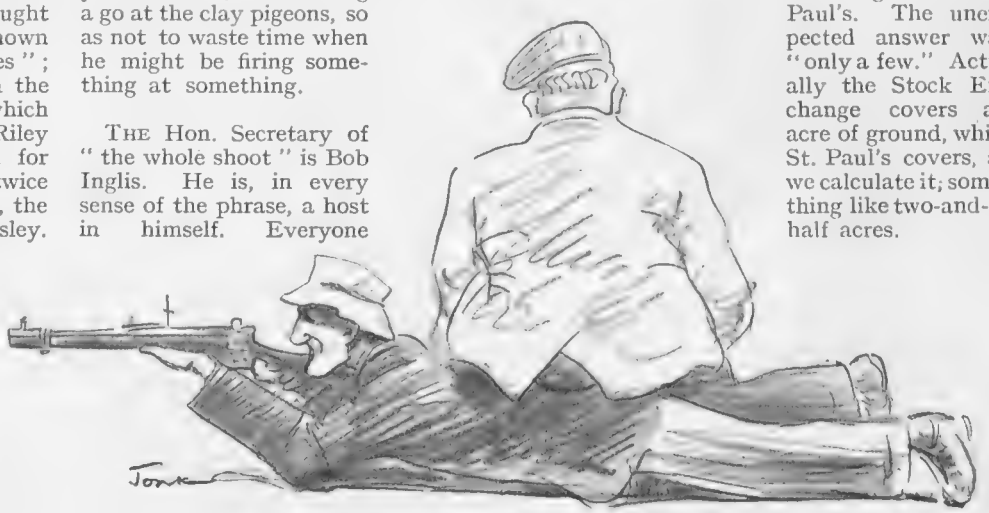
Bob Inglis

A host in himself

knows where to look for him if he 's missing—he 'll be in the club-house, entertaining his friends to drinks and the good cheer that naturally flows from the genial personality he 's blessed with.

AND about Henley. When F. I. Pitman, Colonel Burnell, and Harcourt Gold were not to be seen in the House recently, that 's where they were, of course. F. I. Pitman is the Chairman of the Royal Henley Regatta, and a very famous oar. He rowed for Eton and Cambridge, and won both the Diamond Sculls and the Wingfield Sculls in 1886. Colonel Burnell lives at Henley, and is the Chairman of several local councils around there. He also has had a distinguished rowing career, at Eton, Oxford, Henley, and so on. And Harcourt Gold is a member of the celebrated rowing family, an Oxford blue and ex-coach, with a long string of victories to his credit.

SOMEBODY asked if the Stock Exchange would go into St. Paul's. The unexpected answer was "only a few." Actually the Stock Exchange covers an acre of ground, while St. Paul's covers, as we calculate it, something like two-and-a-half acres.



George Richardson Senior and Junior

"Stopping the wobbles"

Delirious Dialogues: No. 21. Suzanne Lenglen and Lloyd George

(Written and Depicted by Bovey)

Lloyd George: *Why, if it isn't Miss Lenglen! Whatever! Indeed to goodness, but this is a meeting of ex-champions! I suppose you came over for Wimbledon?*

Suzanne: *Ah, Monsieur, c'est formidable! I smile, but I am desolate. Les champions d'aujourdhui are, what you say, a lot of Welsh rabbits. Still could I show them how the tennis should be played.*

Lloyd George: *And I could still show them how the country should be governed, look you.*

Suzanne: *I know, I know. It is so inconstant, so feackle. One time zey cheer you and me. Le grand hero. Ze great champion. And what are we now? Just two figures of wax in your Mme. Tussaud's. Hélas! We were so fameuse in our time—and I thought zis was a land fit for heroes to——*

Lloyd George: *A most unfortunate phrase, Mademoiselle. I trust you will forget it.*

Suzanne: *Ça ne fait rien. But I am not yet passée. I have not finished with my racket.*

Lloyd George: *And I haven't finished with the political "racket," look you. The sun may have set over the Welsh hills, but the rare and refreshing fruit of success is still waiting to be plucked.*

Suzanne: *Hélas! I know zat fruit. Ils sont framboises, Monsieur!*

A Trio of Programme-Sellers

The Hon. Jean Elphinstone and Lady Lavinia Dundas, the débutante daughters of Lord Elphinstone and the Marquess of Zetland, and Lady Mary Egerton, the Earl of Ellesmere's third daughter, helped to collect the £82 made by the sale of programmes at the Matinée

Lady Anne Cole and Lady Frances Cole waiting for "customers." They are the daughters of the Earl of Enniskillen; Lady Frances Cole came out this year

Debs and Ex-Debs

Doing Their Bit at Miss Vacani's Matinée

Lady Violet Dundas, Lord and Lady Zetland's eldest daughter, was a programme-girl at the Hippodrome

Above are Miss Viva Bailey and Miss Margaret Groves, two more of Lady Alexander's "young ladies," Lady Alexander being the expert organiser of programme-selling

Right: yet another couple of helpers were Miss Olivette Bailey, Miss Viva Bailey's sister, and Miss Irene Mann Thompson, who is Mrs. Violet FitzGerald's daughter

Photographs: A. Owen

Lady Joan Hope, the Marquess of Linlithgow's daughter, and Miss Beatrice Grosvenor, another débutante of this year, who is the daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor and Lady Dorothy Charteris, were selling together

People Who Like Horses

At the Lingfield Park Summer Meeting

Mrs. Robin Bushman, Lord Hotham, and Mr. Robin Bushman standing discursively in the paddock, between one race and another. Mr. Bushman is in the Grenadier Guards, and Lord Hotham used to be

Right: Mr. and Mrs. George Drummond and Lord Abergavenny were three of the big crowd that turned up at Lingfield on the last day of the meeting

Below: Miss Doris Clemence watching the numbers go up, with Colonel Maude, who is a well-known racing man out in India

Captain Boyd-Rochfort, Miss Munn, and Mrs. D. Walter, who is also an owner, talking the serious racing talk of experts, probably about the hard going, which was keeping the fields down to the barest minimum

Above: Captain Vigor and Mrs. R. T. Lee, who is Mr. Robin Bushman's sister; her husband is also in the Grenadiers

Right: Lady Irene Clarke was at Lingfield, which was looking its summery best for the meeting

Elwin Neame

Mrs. Gervais Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, Philippa and Jeremy

Bassano

Princess Alphonse de Chimay and Princess Pamela Thérèse Louise

Lady Renwick, with Mary and Jenn

Above: a new portrait of Renwick's wife, and two dau are aged three and one. La was Miss Dorothy Par her marriage in 1929. H succeeded on the death of his year; he is a vice-chairm County of London Electri Company, of which his f the chairman and managi

Elwin Neame

Lady Elizabeth Coke and Anne Veronica

Mother and Me . .

Top left: Mrs. Gervais Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, before her marriage to Sir Eustace Tennyson-d'Eyncourt's only son, was Miss Pamela Gladstone. Her son, Jeremy, is six, and Philippa is a year younger. She and her husband have a house in Hyde Park Square

Above, left: Princess Alphonse Chimay and her baby daughter, wh was born this spring. Princes Alphonse de Chimay is the daughte of Lord Ernest Hamilton, the Duk of Abercorn's uncle, and marrie Prince Alphonse de Chimay in 192

Left: Anne Veronica is the one-year-old daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Lady Elizabeth Coke; she is the great-granddaughter of the Earl of Leicester and a granddaughter of the Earl of Hardwicke. Mr. Coke is in the Scots Guards; he married Lord Hardwicke's daughter in 1931

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Left: Lady Jean Rankin is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair, and married Mr. Niall Rankin, Sir Hubert Stewart-Rankin's brother, in 1931. Their son was born this year, and was given the names Ian Niall

Below: Lady Evelyn Patrick is the Earl of Lovelace's eldest sister. She divorced her first husband, Captain Miles Graham, in 1930, and married in the same year Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P. Her son, John, was born last year

Above: **Lady Jean Rankin and Ian Niall**

Right: **Lady Evelyn Patrick and John**

Tunbridge

Lenare

Mrs. Douglas Faulkner and David

Lafayette

Mrs. Ronald Cross and Her Daughters

Above: Mrs. Douglas Faulkner is the wife of Captain Douglas Faulkner, M.C., of Charlton House, Worcestershire, and the daughter of Lord Herbert Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's brother. She married Captain Faulkner, who is in the Irish Guards, in 1931; her son is not yet a year old

ight: Mrs. Ronald Cross is the wife of Mr. Ronald ross, M.P., and was Miss Louise Green-Emmott, ughter of the late Mr. Walter Green-Emmott. She arried in 1925, and has two daughters, who were notographed with her, and a baby son, born in June

Bats and Balls in Aid of Babies

Lady Crosfield's Tennis Party at Highgate

Lady Catherine Willoughby and Mr. Teddy Phillips were two of the competitors in the tournament which was held in aid of the North Islington Infant Welfare Centre

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Bridgeman and the Hon. Nancy Pearson were two of the spectators at West Hill

Mrs. Winston Churchill watching a set ; she was another of the players

Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall went all "'Bunny' Austin" and played in a pair of very snappy shorts, which, perhaps, she was trying out before Wimbledon next year

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Princess Juliana of Holland on their way to their seats after the rain, which somewhat delayed proceedings, had stopped

Mr. Alistair Balfour and Lady Georgiana Curzon walking "down the garden path together"; Lady Georgiana is a regular at this party

The Passing Picture Show

Brilliant Burlesque

"Orders is Orders": By Sydney Tremayne

Charlotte Greenwood, as Waggermeyer's assistant, getting down to her job of vamping the Colonel (Cyril Maude), in "Orders is Orders," at the Tivoli

With his latest picture, *Orders is Orders*, Mr. Walter Forde confirms the suspicions aroused by the early comedies he made, and by *Rome Express*, that he is England's most brilliant film-director. He has excellent material in *Orders is Orders*, which is by Ian Hay, who doubtless supplied military detail and characterisation, and Anthony Armstrong, to whose wit one may credit the "comic business"; and really comic it is in the hands of Mr. Forde, who has knit a series of interdependent situations and characterisations into a swiftly-moving comedy, with a number of farcical moments, which parodies this film business laughably and without malice.

The story is frankly impossible and concerns the invasion of the barracks of the Royal Loamshire Regiment by an American film-director and his staff, determined to shoot a film which will put the British Army on the motion-picture map. Cyril Maude is the Colonel, who comes "rather under the influence" of the director's female assistant, a lady with a talent for "fixing" people and things. The film proceeds to become a rollicking burlesque of American film-making, the hustle and noise, the jargon, the constant changes of story and milieu, the appalling liberties taken with facts and customs, the funnier because of the contrast between the Americans and their setting among English regimental regulations and prejudices.

Another scene from the film version of Ian Hay's and Anthony Armstrong's play, "Orders is Orders," with Cyril Maude as the gay Colonel, Cedric Hardwicke stern as stern as the General, and James Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood as the versatile American film-makers who caused all the bother in the barracks

It does not matter that we know no British Colonel would submit to such an invasion. We complacently watch his conversion from plethoric indignation when he returns from week-end leave to find the film business in full swing, the barracks in a ferment, his men dressed up in tropical kit, because Ed. Waggermeyer, the director with big ideas and lots of them, has decided to change the venue of his picture to India. He is provoked to contemptuous rage and expostulation by being made to witness a "run through" of a ridiculous sequence taken in his absence, in which the "hero," convicted of having had a "dame" in his quarters (and the Colonel's daughter at that!), is stripped on parade of his medals and buttons by a flagrantly American gum-chewing actor masquerading as a British officer, what time the director urges him to put a little pep and dignity into that guy. When the young officer in the film within a film is "drummed out" it is too much for the Colonel, who forbids the farce to continue and orders the film unit to depart.

But he has reckoned without Wanda, the lady who fixes things, in the person of Charlotte Greenwood. A chit from Headquarters, authorising him to proceed as he thinks fit—which actually refers to the destruction of a rat whose depredations are worrying the Quartermaster—is accepted as authority to proceed with the film-making. A very neatly-handled billiards match between the Colonel and Wanda, plus some judicious flattery, decides the issue.

The author's explanation of the meaning in English of the word "guy," gives the director another big idea; he will make a Gunpowder Plot film. The transformation is effected, while the author plaintively complains that the only line of his original script that is left is "Stop! Stop! For heaven's sake, stop!" Waggermeyer's film company cable him that there is "Nothing doing" in costume drama, so Guy Fawkes is scrapped. But the Colonel's rendering of a desert love-song gives him another big idea. The Sahara . . . a Foreign Legion epic. . . . The Loamshires become Arab tribesmen, the Colonel himself will play the rôle of Colonel of the Foreign Legion and speak the key lines, "Stop! Stop! For heaven's sake, stop!" The unforeseen arrival of the Brigadier gives the necessary conviction to the Colonel's one line, which is duly disregarded.

This last sequence might conceivably have been shortened, and there are moments when the joke about the complete changing of the film threatens to become a little too repetitive, but, taken as a whole, this is the best and fastest-moving English comedy film presented so far, and the skilful handling of action, dialogue, and characterisation puts Walter Forde in the front rank of film-directors. His manipulation of crowds is as sure as that of any Hollywood director, and his filmic method and the humour with which he can imbue situations and people will sell pictures to the world.

One more bouquet is due to him in respect of the casting. Every member of a large (and distinguished) cast is well suited. Cyril Maude as the Colonel is superlatively good. His zest and enjoyment of the rôle, his complete naturalness and audibility, and his laudable willingness to play the fool even to the extent of appearing ridiculous, make him the "life and soul" of the picture. The American director and his assistant are played "as to the manner born" by James Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood. I understand that some of their dialogue was contributed by Gleason himself, who collaborated in the construction of the film. Their wise-cracks certainly sound like the real thing—a long way from the Punch idiom!

Donald Calthrop in the too-small part of the sorely-tried author is as good as he always is, and Cedric Hardwicke as the Brigadier has the briefest part ever allotted to an actor of "star" status, and brings to it the necessary dignity.

Out-of-Door Occasions

Below : Jaipur defeating Osmaston by seven goals to three in the final of the Roehampton Open Challenge Cup

Miss Patsy Chapman and Miss Anne Wilson at Ranelagh for the final of the Subalterns' Cup, in which the 11th beat the 5th by twelve goals to four

Above : Miss Peggy Shoulbridge gets a bit of help from Lord Glanusk, the President of the Fly and Bait Casting Association, at their tournament held at Thorney Weir, near West Drayton

Miss Erica Greer

Watching the finish of the Killarney Plate, at the Naas Races, Kildare. Miss Greer is a granddaughter of Sir Henry Greer

Left : Lady Gilmour, Daphne Gilmour, J. H. S. Powell and J. E. Gilmour, who won the Silver Goblets, and Sir John Gilmour, M.P., at Henley

Left: B. W. Hone, the Oxford Captain, caught at short leg by B. O. Allen off a ball from M. Jahangir Khan, in the first innings of the Oxford v. Cambridge match.

Below: D. F. Walker, who made 46 for Oxford in the first innings, scores to leg off a ball from R. S. Grant

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The Old Game of Team-Picking

If the sun is shining properly this morning, I suppose a great many sensible Londoners will be taking up their places for the opening day of the Gentlemen v. Players match. A grand match it promises to be, too, though I am, perforce, writing before the teams have been announced.

This mention of teams brings me up sharp, for surely this game, of all others, is specially designed to perplex and harass the unhappy folk whose job it is to select the opposing sides. Those of us who have no responsibility in the matter can afford to be captious in our choice; we can suggest, for example, that Sutcliffe, great player though he is, might be allowed to stand down, particularly as he is neither absolutely fit nor in his best form at the moment. I propose, in fact, to disregard the official sides, and amuse myself with a little entirely uncalled-for team selection.

Sutcliffe, then, without prejudice to his position as England's master opening batsman, is to take a well-earned rest, and this is very fortunate. It enables us to try out some of the younger school—Barnett, for instance, or Bakewell, or Barling, of Surrey, who remains so persistently at the top of the first-class averages. Then, clearly, we must have Hammond, the greatest living all-rounder, and here I am not forgetting the superb Constantine. And while we are dealing with all-rounders, how about James Langridge? That gives us four players, and to them Ames and Verity must be added without question. Unhappily, Larwood is out of action, and Bowes shall take his place, with Clark to produce the fast left-hand stuff, and Macaulay to keep the pot boiling. So far, so good, but the batting needs stiffening, and here the problem becomes acute. Shall we plump for magnificent Frank Woolley, still the finest left-hander of them all? Perhaps that would be selfish, though, when I am picking a team, privately and alone, undisturbed by the practical man with his tiresome solemnities; when I am enjoying myself like that, Woolley's name slips off my pencil immediately. After all, Woolley might easily come off and conjure fifty or a hundred runs from the best bowling in the world, and whatever else happened, the match would have had its hour of glory. Woolley, then, and how about Mitchell of Derbyshire, with his slow spin-bowling to complete the attack? Not a bad side, I think, though what will be said of me for leaving out Leyland and Paynter, and Iddon, and Tate, and Townsend and Hendren, and Freeman? But I shall suffer in good company, for whatever teams are taking the field at Lord's to-day, the Selectors will have their critics.

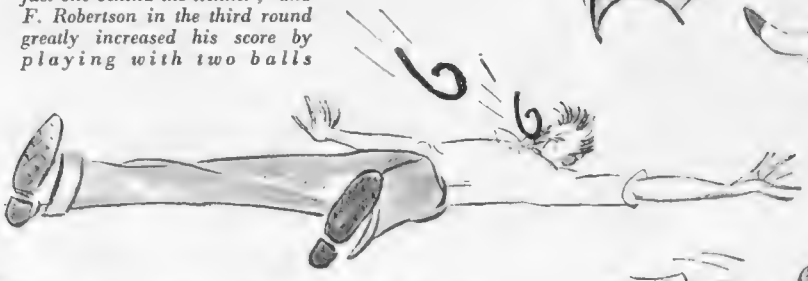
I wonder, for instance, what they have made of the Gentlemen? Presumably they will open their batting with C. F. Walters and R. E. S. Wyatt, though there are those who think that the Nawab of Pataudi is a heaven-sent No. 1 batsman. The Nawab, anyway, will undoubtedly be playing, and so will D. R. Jardine, G. O. Allen, and M. J. Turnbull. I shall be interested to see how long it takes Jardine to pull this scratch side of amateurs into a state of machine-like efficiency, though I could wish that he had some rather more formidable bowling at his disposal. There is Allen, of course, and I should plump for K. Farnes, of Cambridge, at the other end. Then there is Wyatt as a change bowler, and R. W. V. Robins must inevitably be chosen. I would include H. G. Owen-Smith also, though he will probably find the professors less liable to sudden disaster against his spinners than more recent and less experienced opponents of his. Still, Owen-Smith naturally goes in as a glorious all-rounder, and with him from the Oxford side my choice would fall upon B. W. Hone, whose solid power is impressive, and P. C. Oldfield, a first-class wicket-keeper. There are other amateur stumpers about—W. B. Franklin we know, and W. H. Levett—but Oldfield is remarkably quick, as he showed against M.C.C. at Lord's the other day. So quick was he then, in fact, that sharp-sighted onlookers mistook a piece of stumping which just removed the off-bail for a clean-bowled.

Well, that completes a pretty useful side. There are omissions, of course: J. H. Human, that cheerful cricketer, is, perhaps, worth a place, and D. F. Walker, though young, is full of promise, and might counterbalance C. F. Walters' aggression in opening the innings. Jahangir Khan, too, has claims as a consistent length bowler, and A. W. Carr is high in the averages.

After that, our amateur stock slumps a bit, though I. A. R. Peebles, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow and D. R. Wilcox are all there or thereabouts. And they make up a strong list of names, which I fling before you in the sacred cause of argument. For argument's sake, moreover, I will end by declaring that if there are not many outstanding amateurs in first-class cricket to-day, those who are good are very, very good, and quite capable of reminding us that the general standard of the game is at least as high as it has been since the war.

Syd Easterbrook, after going into the "kitchen" at the "long hole" and having "one for the road" at the seventeenth, finished just one behind the winner; and F. Robertson in the third round greatly increased his score by playing with two balls

Joe Ezar, the wild man from Texas, tucks up his "slacks" to avoid being taken for an American



Henry Cotton put himself out with a couple of sixes at the Hole o'Cross

Left: Andrew Kirkaldy getting all excited and hectic trying to spot the winner

Hagen and Nolan became unstuck and went to pieces on the last day

So that's what we looked like! Geo. Duncan in hat, J. J. Taylor and Paul Runyan also in hats

Angel de la Torre expressing a doubtful vote of thanks to one of his clubs

Stars and Stripes Once More: the

H. H. Harris records a few playful impressions of the more

Below: Dutra—just to prove that the American sometimes can play the low running shot, went all along the first fairway with a series of tops

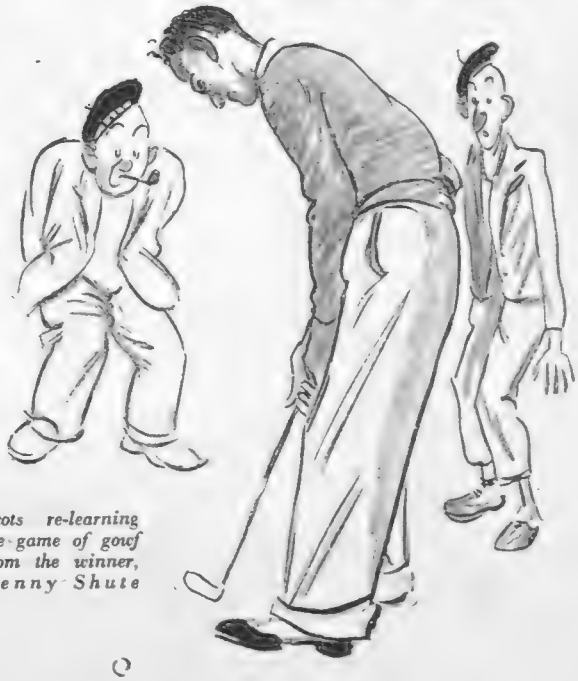
Below: hero-worship—Don Curtis and Horton Smith do the mannequin stuff

Left: some feat! Diegel about to play out of the bonny burn

Poor Gene Sarazen taking the count in the fatal "Hell Bunker"

Below: Tom Williamson had a "grand outward half"

Below: Sandy Herd, suffering from an extreme moment of forgetfulness, waggles his left leg and dislocates his ankle



Scots re-learning the game of golf from the winner, Denny Shute

Open Golf Championship at St. Andrews

picturesque Protagonists in a touch-and-go Drama in four acts

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Critical After-thoughts on St. Andrews

WELL, the Open Championship has come from America in the custody of Gene Sarazen, and gone back to America in the custody of Denny Shute. What is there to say about it? Am I supposed, as a British golf journalist, to find excuses for our own professionals; am I supposed to write that it was only bad lies and tough luck that prevented one of them from winning?

Reading what has been said in print on the Championship, I am inclined to think that this is just what the public wants. If this is so, I must apologise to that part of the public which may read me in THE BYSTANDER, and warn it that what I have to say is of no interest. I refuse utterly and absolutely to find reasons which are only mere excuses. The plain, hard fact is that out of ten American professionals competing against all the professional and amateur talent that Great Britain can muster, five out of the first six came from the United States, and eight out of the first seventeen. This would seem to indicate that the American professionals as a whole are better than our own, and if a personal opinion is required on the subject, I have no hesitation whatsoever in saying that the American professionals are streets ahead of our own. I cannot see why one should blink at the facts out of a false sense of patriotism. I indicated last week my own feelings with regard to the reason for this difference in quality. I have since seen that my friend Henry Longhurst, writing in the *Evening Standard*, attributes the success of the Americans chiefly to the fact that they are enabled to play a great deal more competitive golf than are our own professionals. I am prepared to agree with him up to a point, but I think he carries the argument too far. He states that if some magnate were prepared to offer a large money prize for twenty professional tournaments to be held in the space of the three months just before our Championship, our own golfers would walk away from the Americans. At the risk of being called unpatriotic, it is my personal impression that they would do no such thing.

THE American professional is a man who allows no part of his game to remain weak if he can avoid it. The British professional, or so it seems to me, is a man who reaches a certain eminence and retains his place only when his American colleagues are not competing. This may be due to lack of competitive practice, and to a certain extent it probably is due to this, but it is also largely due to the fact that the English professional is satisfied with his small pinnacle, and does not go on to perfect those parts of his game which require attention. In nearly every case the British professional, as compared with his American friend, is a bad putter. I have also previously stated in this journal that he is a bad putter as compared with the British amateur, and there is no possible excuse for this. Putting is the only part of the game which can be brought to an adequate standard by anyone, even an aged aunt. Even this adequate standard is a great deal higher than the average standard of the British professional on the green. A man like Percy Alliss, who can play every shot as well as any other human being in this world, possibly better, only fails to be a world-beater because he cannot putt. He may hole a long putt here and there, but he misses the short ones, and as long as the rules of golf remain as they are at present, a missed putt, even of six inches, counts exactly the same as a full drive into the rough. It is, in fact, the loss of a stroke.

There is another point which was very noticeable during the recent Open Championship at St. Andrews—and that is this. The American Ryder Cup team had come on from Southport, and several of them were making a first acquaintance with the historic Old Course. Did they individually go out and play a round and make up their minds as to how the shots should be played to the various holes; or did they help each other by discussing the problems presented to them by the course, the younger members receiving advice from those who already had had some acquaintance with these links? The American Ryder Cup Team remained a team throughout the Championship. They did their best to help each other. They could be seen discussing the best way of playing various holes, and giving their opinions. It is impossible to visualise the British side doing the same thing. If they did find out that a certain hole could best be played one way, I am afraid that, from appearances, at any rate, they kept the knowledge to themselves. In other words, the moment that Southport was over, the British Ryder Cup side disintegrated, whereas the American Ryder Cup side remained a team throughout.

Thomas Meigham, the film-star, was at St. Andrews to see the Open Championship; he is talking to one of the American competitors, Johnny Farrell

I KNOW that in writing all this I am open to the criticism that I am making nothing but destructive criticism, which is unpatriotic at that. But am I so purely destructive? Have I not, even if indirectly, been constructive as well? My criticism of the British professional is not purely destructive: I am suggesting that he should take his profession very much more seriously, that he should attempt to reach those great pinnacles of fame which are occupied by Walter Hagen and his team, instead of being satisfied with the little pinnacles of fame which he at present occupies. Let him be a little more keen and ambitious, let him study his profession just as anyone in other lines of business has to study in order to become wholly proficient. Let him, in fact, follow George Gadd's example, and go out, wet or fine, on to a putting green every day for an hour or two throughout the winter and practise, practise, practise, until, even though he may not have made himself perfect, he at least has removed all possibility of such criticism as I have herein offered. Let him take an example from that hard-working and magnificent professional golfer, Denny Shute.

Densmore Shute (U.S.A.), who won the Open Championship by beating Craig Wood, with whom he tied, by five strokes over 36 holes in the replay. With him is Olin Dutra (U.S.A.)

ONE final word. The course at St. Andrews was not at its best, but the arrangements were better than at any other Championship. The much-discussed methods whereby the Championship Committee kept the crowds at bay were entirely and absolutely successful. Not only was the comfort of the Competitors ensured, but most of the spectators were enabled to watch far more than they had ever seen before in a Championship at St. Andrews. I should like to offer my sincere congratulations to all those connected with the arrangements, for they frankly could not have been bettered.

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"The Bystander" Book Shelf

King Edward and Queen Elizabeth

By A. G. Macdonell

COMPETENT historians estimate that there are two hundred and ninety-six thousand problems about Queen Elizabeth, her personality, her reign, her policy, her virginity, and her intrigues still awaiting solution. It is only natural, therefore, that the ordinary student of history gives a firm and intelligent miss to her reign, beyond agreeing that Drake was a good fellow, that those particular days were exceptionally spacious, and that the Armada was wrecked (hence the Tobermory galleon and the Fair Isle jumper). It is also admitted that there was a vast outburst of literature in her reign, including such household names as Shakespeare, and/or Bacon, and Marlowe, and so on. But, apart from these easy facts, the ordinary reader is a bit shy of diving into the maze of Renaissance intrigues, because they are incredibly tortuous, and the ordinary historian is only too delighted at the excuse to avoid having to mug the whole thing up himself. But Mr. Milton Waldman (*Elizabeth*; Longman's; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is made of sterner stuff. He has written a history of the first thirty of those extremely spacious years—1558-1588—and has devoted himself almost entirely to unravelling some of the astonishing intrigues that went on round and between Elizabeth, Mary of Scotland, Philip of Spain, Catherine de Medici, the Guises, the Scottish Lords of Congregation, the Pope, Cecil, and the rest of the European political chess-players. Mr. Waldman hardly mentions Drake or the Armada. He keeps entirely to politics, and he has one supreme merit which enables him to carry off in triumph his self-denying task: he writes lucidly. An obscure, involved writer could easily drive a reader into the madhouse, for heaven knows the subject is obscure and involved enough. But under Mr. Waldman's translucent style, the complications are smoothed out, the inter-play of motives exposed, the plots, marplots, and counterplots set out in order and sequence. It is true that he is a passionate Elizabeth-fan, and allows his heroine no other fault than a tendency to a naughty fib or two. It is a defendable position, and Mr. Waldman's defence of it is very good. One curious point he brings out, and that is the skill of Elizabeth's spies, and the supreme ineptitude of those who plotted against her. Every conspiracy was at once, apparently, submitted in writing, in triplicate, to anyone who might be interested in it, and then the conspirators were astonished when the Queen got ahead of them every time and they found themselves in the Tower.

Mr. Waldman has made his record of intrigue and politics just as thrilling as any description of the Armada.

Mr. Milton Waldman

A portrait of the author of "Elizabeth, Queen of England," a review of which appears on this page

MRS. NAOMI MITCHISON is a very annoying person. She is a poet, she is a classical scholar, she can write strong, beautiful, flowing English; she can conjure visions of the isles of Greece and the eternal summer that gilds them yet, Lesbos, and Samos, and Chios, and the mainland of the Peloponnese, and pleasant vale of Argos. All these she can do and more. But she does enjoy a good, hearty, head-first plunge into the deepest part of a farm-midden. Music one moment and manure the next; honey-coloured butterflies over Naxos, or sweating pigs; it all seems one to Mrs. Mitchison. Which I think a pity. I have no doubt at all that Shelley could have written an immortal Ode on a Sewerman's Boots, but I refuse to believe that any product of a Bloomsbury square could achieve immortality by sticking close to the sewers.

In Mrs. Mitchison's case it is so annoying, because she really is a poet, and it is all so unnecessary. In *The Delicate Fire* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), the first story is exquisite. The second, about the slaves who were driven away after the sack of Mantinea, is full of a hateful brutality. The remaining stories and sketches are more commonplace than the first, and less unpleasant than the second.

FEW monarchs ever so completely lived down a bad start and captured the affections of their subjects as the stout, bearded, cigar-smoking, card-playing, horse-racing son of Victoria and her Albert; and Mr. E. F. Benson has just written a life of him (*Edward VII.* Longman's; 15*s.*). If ever any man had a ghastly youth it was Albert Edward. His father, who drew up for him the strictest rules of study, conduct, and discipline, was that most deadly of types, an estimable, conscientious prig, and his august mother disapproved of everything on principle. When, therefore, the Prince Consort died, and the Queen retired to Osborne, and the young Prince found himself free at last, with Marlborough House, a lovely young wife, and a hundred-and-ten thousand pounds a year, he not unnaturally flung off all repressions and inhibitions and began to hit up the pace. He continued to hit up the pace until his death in 1910, at the age of sixty-nine. It was one of the scandals of Queen Victoria's often excessively odd conduct that she steadily refused to allow "Bertie" to have any share in the responsibilities of the Crown. She told him nothing, or very little, even when he was a wise, far-seeing statesman in his fifties, with twenty-five years of unofficial experience of men and things behind him. Mr. Benson is very good on the subject of that pre-war international pest, the Kaiser, who, for at least twenty years, was liable to leap into the European limelight and make himself a perfect nuisance.

I am a little surprised that Mr. Benson, in his admirable book, does not mention the terrific enthusiasm which swept through the country when the King won his third Derby with Minoru. As for Mr. Benson's discretion in certain directions—it is positively formidable.

MR. ARTHUR GARDNER is not a hiker in the modern sense of the word. He is a quiet, middle-aged walker who likes to take a moderate speed, and who prefers, at the day's end, clean sheets to a bed in the heather. But if Mr. Gardner is a modest trudger, and an unassuming penman, he is a wizard when it comes to laying a lens and squeezing a bulb. In his book *Sun, Cloud and Snow in the Western Highlands* (Grant and Murray; 12*s.* 6*d.*), the photographs of loch and mountain, taken by himself, are really wonderful. Some people have the gift of photography. If a camera was clamped on to an immovable tripod, and the lens adjusted on to, say, sunset over Ballachulish Ferry by the President of the Royal Photographic Society himself, and all I had to do was to pull the trigger, the result would be either a complete blank or else a view of Hobbs batting, or Inveresk House at dawn. But with Mr. Gardner it is different.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

Yevonde

MISS MARY ELLIS, the enchanting heroine of "Music in the Air," chose this smart black and white costume from Victor Stiebel. The dress is beltless and high-waisted and has a yoke and sleeves of the same spotted material as the three-quarter length coat

Last Minute Suggestions

Up-to-date Sun Suits and Bathing Accessories

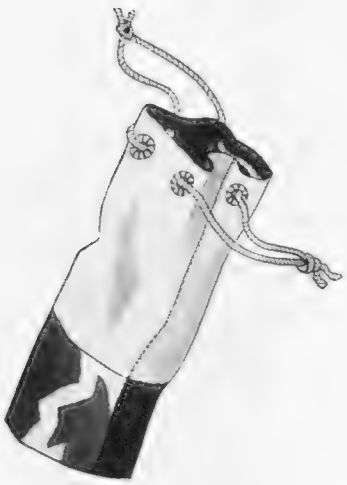
Luigi Diaz

THIS Vera Borea bathing-suit with its smart white revers is copied by Jaegers in their famous bathing fabric

THE seated figure on the left is wearing a white Jaeger bathing-suit which has blue braces and belt. The centre standing figure has on a navy drill beach-suit with a wrap-around skirt. This and the backless check gingham sun-suit both come from H. J. Nicoll

for the Beach

A NOVEL container for one's bathing wear is carried out in blue and white spot American cloth. Marshall and Snelgrove



REMINISCENT of a sailor's kit-bag is this smart affair of canvas and blue American cloth. From Harvey Nichols

A BRIDGE case of crash with waterproof cards is an excellent idea for the beach-going bridge fiend. From Finnigans

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The Dockland Settlements Ball: A Second Selection

Photographs by Swaebe

Left: Lady Edward Hay and Mrs. Gerrard Leigh were two of the "scintillation" of attractive women at the Ball. A first instalment of photographs appeared last week

Below: Lady Elibank, who took a party to the dance, and Sir Louis Baron, who bought the blank canvas to be painted by Edmund Brock, which was auctioned by Seymour Hicks, for £500

The Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, who was one of the Committee and was presented to the Duke and Duchess of York, who were present at the Ball, talking to Lord Elibank at supper

Miss Pamela Kingsmill was helping as a buttonhole-seller at the Dorchester, and here she is telling Sir Harry Preston how very well a red carnation would become him

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson, two more of the guests, waiting for the cabaret. Mr. Cowan Dobson is the well-known portrait-painter and a Scotsman; he states in the book where such things can be read, that his recreation is billiards

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Girls'—and other—Championships

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I DON'T know when anything more suitable and satisfactory has happened than Mrs. Clement's win of the Northern Championship, at Wallasey. Of course, Miss Enid Wilson was not playing; if she had been, there would have been no doubt that she was the right player to win it. But of those who entered, Mrs. Clement was quite definitely in a different class from those she had to meet, and the only wonder was that they stood up to her as well as they did. Cheshire always say that Mrs. Clement cannot play for herself; that she needs a county match to bring out her best golf; but perhaps, now that she has once tasted the sweets of personal victory, after twice being runner-up, she will go on to still greater heights.

It was just as suitable that Miss Garnham should win the French Championship over at Wimereux. It is useless to pretend that there was great opposition this year, because people simply haven't the money to go everywhere they want, so that nobody who could reasonably count on beating a British teamster was there to bar the way. But at golf it is perilously easy not to do those things which one ought to do, and Miss Garnham at least played through every round, and so deserved to be French Champion. She beat Mlle. Foucher 3 and 2, Miss Gottlieb, who was the sole U.S.A. entrant at Gleneagles, 5 and 4, Miss Halsted, who comes from Banstead and plays for Surrey II., 3 and 2, and then, in the 36-hole final, won by 4 and 3 from Miss Pauline Doran, the present Girl Champion, after being 3 up at lunch time. Miss Doran spent her time, after a bye, beating Mme. Regnauld 5 and 3, Miss Dodo Butler 4 and 3, and Miss Lulu Esmond 3 and 2 (this player having beaten Mme. Thion de la Chaume). Great work for young golfers, which brings me to our page ii, where there appears the entrance-form and conditions for the Girls' Championship. I have not much hope that you, or anybody else, will read those conditions! Nobody does, when they are set out in nice, plain, tabulated form (says she cynically!); but you do realise—don't you?—that any girl who is under nineteen years of age on the 12th of September this year can enter, whatever her nationality and whatever grown-up competitions she has played in, and that all she has to do is to send us a form out of the paper, and, of course, book herself a room wherever she wants to stay. If she stays at Stoke Court, there is the added excitement of the Stoke Court Cup, which goes to the girl there who remains longest in the Championship.

I AM feeling very thrilled about this year's, because it seems to me the standard of play is going to be just a little bit higher than ever it has been before. I know that is a bold assertion, when one thinks how well Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume (as she was then) played when she won it, and Miss Enid Wilson, and Miss Diana Fishwick, and of the consistent golf Miss Pauline Doran has played these last three years. But I base my argument on this: she is playing very much better golf than she did a year ago, quite a different class; look how well she has done for Surrey, and now what she has done in the French. You will say one swallow does not make a summer, or one golfer a championship, but just let me finish my argument. It is not merely because Miss Doran (who, I presume, will defend her title) is a better golfer than ever she was that I expect better golf this year than in any of the fifteen previous Girls' Championships, but because, good as she is, I verily believe there are others coming who are capable of beating her. In fact, it looks like being an extraordinarily open event. For instance, there is Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, undoubtedly the best player in the French team at St. George's Hill last month, who by now has had a good deal of experience and only lacks first-class putting to be in the very front rank. Miss Lulu Esmond is coming with her, and there is some talk of possibly the French Close Champion, Mlle. Francine Tollon, too, for she is only seventeen. That does not finish the list of distinguished entrants. Miss Jessie Anderson, whom Mlle. de Gunzbourg beat at the 19th hole in last year's semi-final, was, of course, a semi-finalist in the Scottish Championship this year, only losing 3 and 2 to the holder, Mrs. Holm. She has lengthened, plays the chips excellently, gets out of bunkers, and rolls down the putts with grand confidence. Nor must the two Barton sisters be forgotten, particularly as Miss Pam Barton collected the scratch prize, as well as others, at the Stoke Poges open meeting a few weeks ago.

THOSE are the outstanding figures, but there are others of last year's entrants coming again whose game has developed; and who knows what great unknowns may arise amongst the newcomers? Will America, for instance, send anyone to replace Miss Grace Amory?

Nor is there any need for unknown girl golfers to take fright at the imposing-sounding things these few have done. Miss Isabella Rieben did not win the Girls' Championship when she held the Welsh! It is far harder to have made some sort of a reputation and then be attacked by an unknown golfer, than it is for that unknown to go lightheartedly and all out for the established player on a pedestal. Pedestals can always crack if you push hard enough, like the pillar in the Guinness advertisement. And every young golfer has a streak of brilliance somewhere up her sleeve which, with a little bit of luck, may come to light at the right moment; or two unknowns may meet each other. In any case, I believe that nobody who has been to a Girls' Championship has ever regretted it; so all that remains to be said on the subject is that I hope players will enter quickly, for there is actually a limit of sixty-four set for the number of entries which we can accept. That number has never been reached yet, but it will be a delightful day when it is. Under no circumstances is anybody going to be tortured with a qualifying round. Match play pure and simple is the order of the three days at Stoke Poges on September 13th, 14th, and 15th. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. Fish, Miss Gourlay, and Miss Hamilton, all of Surrey, who were defeated (but don't look dismayed by it) by the Essex team in the semi-finals of the County Championships

Miss Isabella Rieben, who won the Welsh Championship when she was eighteen, is a young golfer to be watched. Mrs. Holm, Miss Fishwick, and Miss Latchford certainly thought so in the Internationals

The Lucifer Golf Society

Sport with the

A Frank, Fair and Free

WRITING just after Jack Doyle has been disqualified for hitting low in the second round of his fight against Petersen, I find myself considerably confused.

It was a fight all right—there is no doubt of that. Indeed, it looked to me—and I was sitting bang up against the ring—far more like a pot-house brawl, with a wild Irishman taking the leading part. Mind you, in some ways Doyle was extraordinarily impressive: in previous contests he has ambled about, taking punches on the jaw, flopping to the canvas, and rising eventually to polish off his opponent with a prodigious great hay-making swing.

This time he was a different proposition altogether. He came out of his corner breathing fire and slaughter: he hammered home vicious short-arm blows; he crowded Petersen, and bored in close, and his strength and speed and savagery were mightily alarming. To my mind, Doyle would have been more than a handful for any fighter in the world on his form at the White City: he weighs, remember, over fifteen stone, all of it bone and muscle, and he hits like a sledge-hammer. It is my belief that if he had not been so wild he would have knocked Petersen out, for Petersen had not the strength to stand up against him. I am convinced, moreover, that in Doyle we have a potential world champion, a fighter of the killer type, who may yet follow in the footsteps of Jack Dempsey, better known in the States as the "Manassas Mauler."

HAVING said this, I am bound to add that Doyle's fight with Petersen was nothing short of a disgrace to British boxing. It was a disgrace because so inexperienced a boxer as Doyle should never have been allowed to appear before so huge a crowd in a contest for the British heavy-weight title. The inexperienced fly-weight or light-weight is another matter: his lack of knowledge will quickly be revealed and punished by a cleverer opponent. When, however, the man concerned is a heavy-weight with Doyle's exceptional strength, boxing goes by the board, and the bout inevitably descends to the crudest levels of rough-house pugilism.

It was, I am certain, sheer lack of experience which caused Doyle to sling in one low punch after another: had he been more carefully nursed, and allowed to learn self-control in the ring on minor occasions, he would not so completely have been carried away on the big occasion which meant so much to him.

There are those who maintain that Mr. C. H. Douglas, the referee, should have checked and warned Doyle more decisively, but with this suggestion I cannot agree. Mr. Douglas, in my opinion, acted with admirable firmness in an extremely difficult situation, for it is no easy matter to check two big men who have thrown restraint to the winds in a fury of fighting madness.

Controversy will rage about this contest for a long time—this, incidentally, is why I must crave your indulgence for devoting my entire space to it this week. Four times since I began to write this article the telephone has rung, and I have had to speak to bewildered spectators, two of them angry

The Lucifer Golf Society's Tournament for the Empire Trophy took place last week at Walton Heath, and was won by N. K. Garnett (Ceylon). Other competitors were: 1. Dr. T. A. Howell and Capt. R. Whittet, both of Kenya; 2. Capt. W. D. Bacon (India) and R. Baker (Calcutta); 3. Major F. Starnes (Kenya) and Capt. G. Horsfield (India); 4. The Hon. Russell Clarke (Australia); 5. F. A. Farquharson (India), Capt. W. J. Todd, the Hon. Treasurer of the Society, and J. W. Harrison (Shanghai); 6. L. T. Llewellyn (Ceylon) and H. Bay (S. Africa); 7. A. K. Gibson and G. H. Anderson, two more from Kenya; 8. H. B. Clayton and C. C. Inglis, both of India

Lid Off

Commentary

By "Mark Over"

because they were too far away from the ring to see the foul blows, one of them blaming the referee, and the remaining one furious with what he terms "Doyle's un-British tactics."

Now let me make two things clear. First, I was so placed that without hesitation I can assert that at least five of Doyle's punches were definitely below the belt; second, that I believe Doyle had no intention of fouling his man, but simply became blind and entirely irresponsible with the prospect of a championship crown looming so large before him. I would go farther, and suggest that if Doyle had not been disqualified for hitting low he might well have been disqualified for holding, and the upshot of it all is that Doyle will have to learn more about the game before he is permitted to meet Petersen again.

I HEAR now—another telephone message, from someone in authority—that Doyle's purse is being withheld pending an enquiry by the British Boxing Board of Control. This is hardly surprising: the Board's regulations stipulate that the purse of a disqualified boxer shall be deposited with them, in order that they may, if they deem it advisable, take disciplinary action.

I happen to know that the Board feel strongly about low punching, and that they remember with displeasure the outcome of Phil Scott's fight for the world title against Jack Sharkey, at Miami. In America, as you may recall, there is a no-foul law, and if Doyle had been fighting at Miami instead of the White City, he would have been perfectly justified in swinging his punches as low as he pleased. There is no question that the Board will emphasise the fact that in this country we have no use whatever for the American law. They have a chance to strike a firm blow for the traditions of boxing as we understand them, and they will be supported by public opinion everywhere. Mr. Jeff Dickson, the promoter of the contest, said afterwards, "That's what comes of having a strong referee." I hope he meant that the result was a salutary warning to other boxers.

WHEN all the tumult has died down, good may come out of this fiasco. I take it that Doyle will have learnt a lesson, and that he will now settle down to the business of making himself a worthy contender for the championship. He still has many friends, and is the kind of representative, properly disciplined, whom we could best trust to bring the world's heavy-weight crown back to Great Britain.

Swaebe

The Stage Golfing Society v. Frinton

A photograph of the two teams outside the Club-house at Frinton. The Frinton team were: J. L. Wilmer, W. F. Hutchings, J. G. Milner, H. S. Curtis, J. W. Eagle, W. A. Marshall, C. B. Southey, H. W. Franklin, M. H. B. Goody, F. van Zwanenberg, F. Evelyn Jones (Captain), H. B. Hammond, P. Gilbert, H. S. Whitcher. Playing for the Stage were: Spencer Trevor, Robert Nainby, E. J. Tait, Cyril Smith, Clifford Mollison, Leslie Henson, Henry Mollison, Davy Burnaby, William Mollison (Captain), Ernest Graham, Alfred Drayton, Reg. Burston, Peter Mather and Jerry Verno

The crew of old Cambridge Blues who rowed in the St. Dunstan's Regatta at Putney: Dr. Showell-Rogers, Dr. J. S. Burn, Dr. Malcolm Donaldson, Dr. R. Knox, the cox (in the Oxford boat, 1925), and Sir Harold Gillies

A Ribbon for a Policeman

Lord Trenchard fixing a rosette on a competitor in the Mounted Police Horse Show and Tournament held at Imber Court, Thames Ditton; Sir S. Stuart holds the horse's head

"Having a Crack at it": Cambridge batting at Lord's

J. H. Human, who made 26 for Cambridge, hits out to a loose ball from H. G. Owen-Smith, by whom he was caught and bowled. Not many drawn matches have as good a finish as this year's Oxford v. Cambridge

A group on the aerodrome at Le Touquet, including the Mayor, taken when he received a party of 36 British visitors who flew over in "Horatius," one of Imperial Airways' liners. The regular air service takes one hour, and there is a cheap excursion every Sunday from Airway Terminus

Le Touquet from the air, with the Royal Picardy Hotel on the left, and the Hermitage in the right foreground. Golf, tennis, bathing, and gambling are some of the amusements at this Continental resort, which is the nearest fashionable centre of its kind to London

Entertaining in the Air

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Flying Cocktail-Party

An intriguing invitation to a private party being held to-day at Heston Airport is headed "Flying and Cocktails." Several of the latest and most luxurious types of aeroplanes are to be set at the disposal of the guests, who will be invited to fly either as passengers or as pupils under instruction, according to their inclinations. Those who elect to try their own hand at the controls will no doubt wait until after the lesson before proceeding to the new cocktail-bar, an exciting affair in black and silver, with a huge circular mirror in which you can see the reflections of the machines as they take off and land. Heston's snack-bar is much patronised between flights and whilst awaiting the arrival of friends at this Customs airport for private 'planes. Lord Londonderry finds the high stools most comfortable, and another pupil who evidently enjoys a buffet lunch is Mrs. Calthrop, wearing a specially-designed trouser-suit for flying, which looks smart as well as practical.

To Le Touquet by Air-Liner

Reference to cocktails and snacks reminds me of Imperial Airways' service to Le Touquet, the nearest fashionable Continental resort to London, which can be reached in an hour's flight. Berck is the nearest aerodrome at the moment, but M. Leon Soucaret, Mayor of Le Touquet, informed us a few days ago that a more convenient site would be developed quite shortly. Regular air connections with London have undoubtedly proved good for business at Le Touquet and, of course, many private machines and air taxis make the short trip over the Channel every day during the season. Meals are served on the "Heracles" air liners, and let no one imagine that food is confined to sandwiches, or drinks to a bottle of beer or lemonade. On the return from the Le Touquet party organised by the local Syndicat d'Initiative and Imperial Airways, a perfect four-course dinner was put on, with all wines available from champagne downwards.

The Race for the King's Cup

There were few visible thrills in the race for the King's Cup, but fine weather, a close finish, and a popular winner proved adequate compensation to those who spent the day at Hatfield. The faster machines, Napier Gulls and Gipsy Swifts, were not fast enough to beat their handicaps, the final round being limited to three Leopard Moths, whose top speed is definitely 140, the twin Gipsy Commercial Dragon, an Arrow Active, two Pobjoy Swifts, the slower of the two Comper models, and a Desoutter taxi, whose pilot, Captain Ayre, kept a magnificent course, losing no time at any stage. Captain de Havilland showed once again that age is no bar to flying ability; after twenty-five years as a pilot-designer, he still has the skill to beat the youngsters. Fastest time was made by Flight-Lieut. Stainforth during the first round, flying a single-seater Gipsy Swift at just over 160 miles an hour. The Napier Gull at 155 miles an hour could not have been showing its true paces. Hatfield was a pleasant rendezvous on the day of the race, the swimming-pool proving a great attraction. The County Aero and Sporting Club affairs are in the capable hands of Major Graves and the Hon. Mrs. Faulconer, and with the facilities available—polo, squash, swimming-pool, bridge, etc.—it should prove a success. Amongst prominent Hertfordshire people who have become associated with the Club's activities are Sir G. S. and Lady Church, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. St. Barbe Emmott, and Mrs. Cory-Wright, whilst Lady Salisbury has promised her support.

Flying Events of the Week

There are two functions on Saturday next, July 22nd, one at Cardiff and the other at Hatfield. The Club at the former, which, incidentally, is the only flying club in Wales, and has the unique distinction of possessing the patronage of the Prince of Wales, is holding its third air pageant, one of the events in which will be a race from Heston. The Airport at Cardiff has been improved tremendously since the site was first chosen. After the very heavy rain experienced last week there was no flooding, and the ground took the weight of the Great Western air expresses without any appreciable mark. At Hatfield the R.A.F. Reserve Flying Club will be opened officially on Saturday at 2.30 p.m. Lord Trenchard is President and amongst the Vice-Presidents are Lord Wakefield, Lieut.-Colonel Shelmerdine, who is D.C.A., Captain de Havilland, and Sir Harry Brittain.

At Hamble in June

The fleet of the Air Service Training School is still growing, an A.W.16 single-seater fighter being the latest addition. Flight-Lieut. Veal, of the R.A.F., and Commander Holm, a Norwegian Air Force officer, have been flying it, and another pilot taking the course in advanced aerobatics is Señor Manuel Pardo. The international appeal of A.S.T. is as wide as the range of its courses. Whilst Herr August Hell obtains the blind flying certificate of a finished pilot, Dr. Pfeiffer from the U.S.A. takes his "A" licence, which is only the end of the kindergarten stage. Flying-Officer W. F. Murray has joined the staff as seaplane instructor, a job which his experience as a sailor—he holds a Board of Trade Mate's certificate—should be of great value. Mr. Charles Gardner, who took second place in the *Morning Post* Race, is a pupil at Hamble on the Long Course, which includes everything for a flying career.

Cars with a Personality

The New 12-h.p. Vauxhall

By The Earl of Cardigan

FOR several good reasons, the latest Vauxhall product is a car which is bound to arouse an unusual degree of interest in the motoring world. In the first place, since the Vauxhall Company does not regularly bring out a new model every year, it is to be assumed that when something entirely new does emerge from the Luton works, a real and substantial advance in design has been achieved.

In itself, the new Vauxhall "Twelve" is calculated to attract attention. For a car of this horse-power it is very substantially built, and a generous four-seater, providing as much space as any four large, solid adults could desire. Indeed, it is quite possible for three to sit abreast on the back seat. Both leg-room and head-room are ample.

On the road, this latest Vauxhall is distinguished for a first-rate performance achieved with unusual smoothness. The six-cylinder engine is extremely silent, and almost entirely free from vibration. In top gear something like 65 m.p.h. can be reached on occasion. A round 60 m.p.h., on the other hand, can be maintained without any apparent effort. In third gear nearly 50 m.p.h. is possible, while over 40 m.p.h. may be kept up with ease and smoothness. These high "cruising" figures enable the car to "get over the ground" at an average speed highly creditable in 12-h.p. motoring.

Both acceleration and flexibility are well above the average. During my test run, I succeeded in climbing Brockley Hill, beyond Edgware, quite comfortably in top gear, in spite of being baulked by a cart on the lower slopes. The Vauxhall picked up speed with surprising readiness, and showed itself singularly free from most traditional small-car limitations.

The four-speed gear-box is of the synchro-mesh variety, first popularised by the Vauxhall Company. A good point is that the method of operation differs in no way from the normal.

The springing is well designed, being comfortable at all speeds; the steering is definite and pleasant, and the brakes are light and of impressive power. In short, there is little about the new Vauxhall which offers scope for criticism, least of all the important matter of price. The complete car sells for just under £200—an exceptionally attractive value-for-money proposition.

The new Vauxhall is both good-looking and also of comfortable proportions. The radiator has been re-designed, and its depth adds an imposing effect to the car's general appearance

Above: the engine is of straightforward design, but develops its power with an unusual degree of smoothness. The tool kit is conveniently placed

Below: for long runs, the grid still provides one of the best means of carrying luggage. The Vauxhall luggage grid is of very neat and efficient design

The back seat is roomy and comfortable. It is of more than ordinary width, and could, if required, accommodate three slim people abreast. Head room is ample

The driving position is a comfortable one. An unusual feature is the complete absence of controls on the steering-wheel, other than the horn-button

The Doggy World

Let the Inevitable Alone:

By Lady Kitty Ritson

You cannot change the ways of Nature, and it is useless to try, but I often notice people wasting their time and energy in endeavouring to alter things which are as immutable as the mountains. It is rather like the newcomers to India, who imagine that they, in the space of a few months, are going to alter the customs of ages. But the East remains exactly as she was, and the would-be reformers learn better, or fade into oblivion.

So it is with dogs. I smile as I see people shrieking at their dogs because they are eating a dead mouse or a decayed bird, and then shrieking again when, later on, they are sick. Now, Nature designed dogs to be of a scavenging habit, but, obviously, while indulging in this promiscuous diet, they are bound to pick up things which are indigestible. Therefore, Nature ordains that the animal shall get rid of anything harmful very quickly. But, wait, that is not all. With the unnecessary food the good food also returns, and it is just as natural for the dog to eat that again, or else it might go hungry.

The fact that you don't like it does not make any difference, any more than the fact that a lot of old maids don't like child marriage in the East. It will continue, and "what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over," so look the other way, and don't be fussy. It is all perfectly natural, and you can realise this by observing that, if a dog is car-sick—which is caused by unnatural surroundings—the dog is also disgusted, and looks the other way.

I am sorry when dogs catch small birds and kill them, but, on the other hand, I see no sense in flying into a rage and punishing the dog. Blackbirds and missel-thrushes are very charming, but they have to die one day, and they may as well go down the dog's throat as succumb to hunger, old age, or a hawk. Secretly, I think they are rather "mutts" to be caught by a dog's paw while flying. Again, if you have a dog that kills birds, why interfere with Nature, who taught him to do so?

There are so many occasions in life where, owing to the exigencies of civilisation, you are obliged to interfere with a dog's desires, that you might as well let it do what is best for it when it can. It cannot be allowed to kill sheep or poultry, or tame rabbits, but, for goodness sake let it scavenge, be sick of its scavenging, and so on through the cycle; let it kill birds and mice and squirrels.

The King of the Castles

A gentleman very much on guard over his master's properties on the beach at Frinton; his portrait was taken at as close a range as he would allow the photographer to get to

If you have lived much in the wild places of the earth (and many of you who read this have done so), you will agree with me that the things that go on there are not pretty from our point of view; but "they are all for the best," so why worry?

Personally, I have something else to do than to rush after my dogs to see what they are eating when they are out walking—I would rather not know, thanking you again and again!

Above all, don't scold a dog for being sick. That is not only senseless, but cruel. Who scolds you on a Channel crossing!

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THE question of one's beauty culture while one is away on holiday is definitely a problem. True, fresh air, soft water (?), and rest should be beneficial and, in theory, make restorative complexion treatments superfluous, but if we are honest we must admit that change of air and diet often have the reverse of an ameliorating effect upon our beauty, and that *rest* during holiday-time is more than problematical. It is extremely likely that we shall be more than normally active, and that at the close of a long day's pleasurable activities, with a "gala evening" before us we shall have to confront in the mirror, a face that frankly shows the ravages of fatigue; and yet it is so *very* necessary to have one's best face with one on a holiday!

IN London the problem is no problem. So many women, professional and "society," have formed the habit of going into Sylvia Ironside's exquisite and restful beauty salons in Bruton Street for one of her "special half-hour restorative facial treatments," and have come to rely on the revivifying effect thereof to tone up a tired face, and make them look and feel refreshed and ready to sparkle at an evening's entertainment.

Unfortunately, one's beauty specialist is not like Mary's little lamb; but one can take with one a really wonderful substitute for restorative treatments in the form of a special and extraordinarily efficacious cream. Sylvia Ironside has given to this concentrated home beauty-treatment the attractive name of Crème Sirene. Whenever the skin looks faded and relaxed as a result of fatigue, a half-hour's treatment will work wonders.

The ideal time to use it is before or during the evening toilet. All dirt or cosmetics should be carefully removed with cleansing cream and tonic lotion and wiped with tissues, so that no residue of grease is left on the skin. Crème Sirene should then be applied lightly all over the face and neck and left on for half an hour. If it is possible to rest during this period so much the better: relaxation is always an important factor in restorative treatment. But if time does not allow of a real rest, Crème Sirene will do its work while one is undressing, bathing, and making all the little preparations for the evening out.

AT the end of half an hour the cream must be gently removed and tonic lotion applied with a patter or pad of cotton-wool. This will refresh and soothe the skin and it will be found that the "jaded look" has disappeared and the complexion looks fresh and fine, the dry, taut feeling which often accompanies fatigue having disappeared. One can then proceed to apply one's usual cosmetics and make a brilliant appearance, self-esteem as successfully restored as is the complexion, for to feel that one is looking one's best is certainly the most propitious prelude to adventure—and social success.

Incidentally, Crème Sirene is not one of those fabulously expensive miracle-workers. A half-guinea pot contains enough cream for from twenty to twenty-four treatments, which should see one through quite a strenuous holiday. It can be used as often as desired, and its general effect is progressively beneficial.

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The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

Some Cold Dishes

Crab Salad

CRACK the claws of a good-sized crab, and pick out all the meat from them, and from the body. Put all the big pieces apart to be used for the top of the salad, take all the rest of the meat and the creamy parts, chop them finely, and pound them; mix with oil, vinegar, anchovy sauce, cayenne and mustard (made), pepper and salt, and a few drops of onion juice. When all is well-flavoured and smooth and thick, add it as a dressing to a good mixed salad, of which lettuce and cucumber should form part, but any cold boiled vegetables, such as peas, carrots, etc., may be used. Pile the salad in a bowl, put the pieces of crab on top, and serve.

Lamb and Tomato Mayonnaise

CUT some tomatoes in half and put aside. Make a mayonnaise with the yolks of two eggs, gradually working into them six tablespoonsful of salad oil, a little made mustard, salt, and pepper. Add to the sauce (which should be thick) enough vinegar to dilute it to the right consistency; spread a little mayonnaise over each half of tomato, and garnish the dish with watercress. Arrange some lamb cutlets, neatly trimmed, in the centre of the dish, and serve with mint sauce.

Strawberries with Champagne

EITHER crush the strawberries or serve whole, as preferred. The bowl should contain a liberal quantity of ice. Sprinkle sugar on the fruit, with a few drops of liqueur—maraschino for choice. Then, just before serving, add a wineglassful of champagne.

Œufs Vinaigrette

CUT four or five hard-boiled eggs in halves, remove the yolks, pound the latter with 1 oz. of butter until smooth, season to taste, and add one teaspoonful of finely chopped capers. Cut the top off each half of egg in order that they may stand firmly, fill them lightly with the preparation, garnish tastefully with small stars and strips of beetroot, and place them on a dish surrounded with cress.

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Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Thursday, August 31st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in all numbers till August 30th.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th, and 15th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 14th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 11th, and their mothers or chaperones at a reduced green fee of 3s. 6d.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 18s. per day.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch.

ROYAL HOTEL, SLOUGH (Trust House). Terms from 16s. per day, inclusive of all meals.

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1933

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, August 31st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Date and year of birth.....Club, if any.....

Telephone No......

The Editor's Box

Sea and Sun in the City—the Vita-Lido

Everyone likes to go swimming is a heat-wave, but since the Vita-Lido, the new swimming-pool and sunbathing lounge at 45, High Holborn, has been opened, heat-waves aren't necessary any more as an incentive. The whole pool is floodlit with sun lamps giving exactly the same ray as midsummer sunshine, so one can sunbathe before and after one's bathe as well as by the sea. And take exercise, too: in the adjoining gymnasium is all the latest apparatus, including a gymno wheel, mechanical horse, and special slimming apparatus.

The Vita-Lido is open from eleven in the morning until midnight, so there's no excuse for Londoners not to look as well and sunburnt before their holidays as after.

To Help Your Success

Science can now aid you in your choice of a job that will best suit your temperament and education and where you will stand the best chance to rise.

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology, along with the education authorities in Leeds, Birmingham, and other places, have been making experiments in vocational guidance, with the result that 80 per cent. of those who have taken the kind of occupations recommended are satisfied with their work, prospects and pay.

The description of this work and hints on the choice of suitable openings in life will be found in an interesting 1s. booklet, *How to Find Where You Fit*, published by the proprietors of the *Efficiency Magazine*, Regent Street, W.1, and written by Mr. Stuart Hirst, a business man well-known in the publicity world. The book is invaluable to those starting in business or seeking a new field of activity where their natural abilities will have more scope.

"Well Oiled"—a Racing Success

Within a few weeks of its introduction, Essolube—the new hydrogenated motor-oil—has scored one of the greatest successes of the year, having been chosen by the winners of the Grand Prix d'Endurance and the Rudge-Whitworth Cup in the Le Mans Grand Prix, the most gruelling and hotly-contested International road race. What is more, on the new oil, the winning Alfa-Romeo car established a new speed record for the event. A point of particular interest is the fact that the oil used in this race was identically the same as that bought by the general public in the sealed glass bottles which motorists find displayed on garage forecourts throughout the country.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. July 19, 1933.
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FINEST FURS AT SUMMER PRICES

Come to the City ~~~~ It will pay you!

Here is the opportunity to secure Reliable Furs direct from the manufacturers at real Bargain Prices.

NOW is the time to buy your Furs—never before have we offered such Marvellous Value. There are hundreds of gloriously smart coats in all the fashionable furs made from the choicest skins and covered by our usual guarantee, obtainable now at enormously reduced Summer Prices. Call and see them.

FUR REPAIRS AT SUMMER CHARGES.

WRITE FOR SUMMER CATALOGUE

Cocoa-dyed Squirrel Worked as Ermine.

Smart New Model

Cocoa-dyed Squirrel worked as Ermine in quite a new and very becoming shade is to be the fashionable fur for the coming Autumn Season. Illustrated is one of these fascinating coats, gloriously cut and worked from the choicest skins, luxuriously collared with dyed White Fox to tone. Obtainable now at a very attractive price. Usually sold at 79 gns.

Reduced Summer Price 59 Gns.

Wonderful collection of Finest Canadian SILVER FOX STOLES; fur both sides. Worth 25 gns. To be cleared at **15 Gns.**

CITY FUR STORE

Manufacturing Furriers.

64 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.4.

We have no shop—Showrooms First Floor.

Large Selections gladly sent on Approval

"THE DITCH"

THE DITCH, NEWMARKET.

Approximate size of print 15 inches by 10 inches

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

recently published in "THE SKETCH," has been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY, and early application for copies is recommended. Both editions of Mr. Edwards' earlier Newmarket subject, "A Training Gallop," are exhausted and that print is now at a premium.

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) - - £3 : 3 : 0.
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) - - £1 : 11 : 6.

To be obtained from all Printsellers or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

FACTS NEED NO SUPERLATIVES THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

English Scottish and Irish Amateur Golf Championships

ALL WON WITH THE

NORTH BRITISH

GOLF BALL

THE CHOICE OF CHAMPIONS

From your Pro. or Sports Dealer

North British S.S. North British Standard Mesh or Dimple. **2/-**

Made in Edinburgh by

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD.

'play was therefore abandoned'

Thus the papers dismiss your afternoon of martyred misery. Waiting for hours in the rain — it isn't cricket. It's not even good weather for ducks since nobody is batting at all. But take your Dexter to these affairs. That weather has yet to be experienced which can pierce its repeated proofings. Your outfitter can show you that a Dexter is as cool as it is impregnable, as comfortable as it is correct.

Dexter

As British as the Weather—but Reliable.
Priced at three guineas and upwards
from specialist outfitters everywhere.

Good sport in

IRELAND

There are great days to be had in Ireland — out in the sun with your golf clubs or your rod and line. Golf courses abound from Sligo up in the north-west down to Bantry in the South, while half-an-hour's travel in any part of the Island will convince you that there are rivers and lakes enough to find good fishing for all the fishermen of Europe — and most of it free.

Guides and particulars of Tourist, Week-end and Holiday Return Tickets from Euston or Paddington Stations or from any LMS or G.W. Station, Office or Agency.

Obtain a Great Southern Railways "Go-as-you-please" 7-day Contract Ticket—10l- Third Class.

Some golf courses you should play:

Rosses Point, Co. Sligo; Lahinch, Co. Clare; Galway; Douglas and Little Island, Co. Cork; Ballybunion, Co. Kerry; Rosslare Strand, Co. Wexford; Arklow and Delgany, Co. Wicklow.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

To avoid attacks of GOUT, always drink this NATURAL Mineral Water which is world-famous for its health-giving properties and is a recognised defence against this most distressing malady of mankind.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
BANGOR WHARF, 45, BELVEDERE RD., LONDON, S.E.1.

Beautiful Germany

Information and Prospectuses of travel facilities to German Spas are obtainable from all Travel Bureaux and from the German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

MUNICH AND THE BAVARIAN ALPS

Richard Wagner Year 1933:

Festival Plays in State Theatres, Exhibition, Concerts in the Castle on Neuschwanstein

Information from the Verkehrsverband Munich-Central Station and all Travel Offices

OBERAMMERGAU 1934

300 Anniversary of the Passion Plays

LET YOUR BODY BREATHE IN

AERTEX

Aertex Pyjamas
Attractive stripes and plain tones:
D & C range **18/6**

Aertex Day Shirts
'D' Range **11/6**. or with 2 collars **13/6**. Other qualities from **7/6**.

"Elastic Aertex" Vest A160, bound braid. *Two sizes.*
w. 4/6 o.s. 5/6
"Elastic Aertex" Knickers A87, elastic waist and knee. *Two sizes.*
w. 4/6 o.s. 5/6

Aertex Polo Sports Shirt 1700, in white & various colours Smalls, slenders and womens, **6/6**

FOR ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION SEE THIS LABEL
THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. AERTEX LONDON
ON ALL GARMENTS AND REFUSE ALL IMITATIONS

" Your skin was given you for a purpose . . . it controls the heat of the body . . . if air circulates over it the whole body benefits thereby."
Broadcast by an eminent Physician.

Surely every man of today believes in healthy things like open windows and Aertex Underwear!

The structure of Aertex is built after Nature's own invention—it contains thousands of little cells. Through these the body " breathes " and stuffiness is pleasantly prevented. Coolest on hot summer days yet warm in chilly weather—the *healthiest* underwear at any time is Aertex.

Aertex is the freshest, slimmest underwear. It is easy to wear in the warm weather, so protecting against overheating or chill, because the tiny air cells keep the body at an even temperature. Its airy lightness and crisp sweetness after laundering make it the ideal modern underwear. There are many dainty styles and shades from which to choose. Be sure you get the original cellular underwear—Aertex.

Aertex Athletic Vest and Trunks on elastic waist.
Vest:
88 931 1616
3/- 4/- 5/-
Trunks:
88 931 1616
4/- 5/- 6/-

"Elastic Aertex" opera top combinations bound braid, A137. *Two sizes.*
w. 4/11, o.s. 5/11

Aertex is obtainable from most good class Outfitters and Drapers. In cases of difficulty send your instructions to us when they will be despatched directly through a retailer holding stocks. Catalogue with pleasure.

30

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD., 72/73 FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

(Wholesale only.)

REAWAKENING

INDUSTRY

THE ADVERTISING MIND AT WORK

EXAMPLE NO 5

A new form for an old argument increases sales beyond all previous experience

The manufacturer of a commodity well known and respected by the trade and the public had from 1929 until last year enjoyed enviable sales.

In January of the present year a complete transformation of his advertising was suggested to him.

The sales argument, it was proposed, should continue as before, but in the manner of its writing, in its display, typography and illustration, a complete change from what had been successful was advised.

The result was immediate and remarkable. Sales were increased beyond all previous experience and there is every indication that the increase will be maintained.

Once again this example shows that the advertising mind, resourceful in devising means for increasing sales, may see where change is needful.

Scores of such examples may be found at the Advertising and Marketing Exhibition at Olympia.

STUDY SUCCESS AT THE

ADVERTISING & MARKETING EXHIBITION

OLYMPIA • JULY 17 TO 22

OPEN 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. • ADMISSION 1/6

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